

THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE.

NOVEMBER 1862.

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THE ROSE THE SHAMROCK

AND

THE THISTLE

NOVEMBER 1882

CONTENTS

**** The FIRST VOLUME of "THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE," Magazine—**
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MIRIAM'S SORROW.

BY MRS. MACKENZIE-DANIEL

CHAPTER XXI.

A NEW TROUBLE.

THE drawing-room door opened softly (we had neither of us heard the knock which probably preceded the intrusion) as Stephen, after having secured my earnest attention, began to speak.

"If you please, Miss," said Martin, barely crossing the threshold, "will you come at once to my Mistress. I am afraid she is very ill, and I have taken upon myself to send for an English doctor. There are two in the town, and I've told Porson to inquire which is the best—I hope, sir" (turning for a moment to Stephen), "that I have done right."

"Quite right, of course, if you think Mrs. Howard is worse than usual," he replied, seeming to find a difficulty in at once rousing himself to attend to this new subject; "but what has so much alarmed you in her present symptoms, Martin? She only spoke to us of a very severe headache."

"Yes, sir, but it has been getting worse and worse every minute since she went up-stairs, and there are many signs of fever as well. My mistress keeps putting her hands to the top of her head, and saying it must be a brain fever coming on; but perhaps you don't know, sir, that there's been a good deal of sickness in these parts

lately, and in particular what they call typhoid, or something like it. Being told this, was what made me send for the doctor."

I had risen from my seat on the first appearance of Martin in the room, and only lingered to hear the conclusion of her story. I made a quick movement now towards the door, but was speedily arrested both by the hand and voice of Mr. Howard.

"Not yet, Emily," he said, with a quiet authority that could scarcely have been exceeded had the conference so vexatiously interrupted been happily concluded—"I must ascertain the nature of the malady with which Mrs. Howard is threatened, before I suffer you to go to her. Ask your mistress to admit *me* for five minutes to her room, Martin, and make some excuse for Miss Verney's not obeying her summons immediately."

"But this is absolute nonsense," I exclaimed, as Martin, without a word, departed on her errand—"do you think I am afraid of infection, or that even if I were I should for an instant shrink from my duty? Please let me go at once to Mrs. Howard. Imagine how unkind I must appear to her!"

"Be patient for a little while," he said soothingly, and compelling me to sit down again; "I quite expect we shall find all this but a false alarm—Martin is famous for predicting evil—still while there is even a remote chance of her fears proving well grounded, it is *my* duty to keep you out of the way of danger. Mrs. Howard would herself be the first to condemn any different line of conduct. Now, what are you wanting to say, Emily?"

"I am wanting to say that nothing less than absolute force shall hinder me from doing *my* duty in this matter. Am I to shun a danger, if danger it be, that *you* insist on encountering—you who should have nothing at all to do with it? I tell you no—a thousand times no. Fever or no fever, I don't intend to be kept from nursing Mrs. Howard, if she requires nursing."

The decision with which I spoke appeared both to perplex and annoy my listener—he had evidently expected me to yield, as I was in the habit of doing in minor things, immediately to his wishes. As he was about to reply, and probably to lay yet more absolute commands upon me, Martin returned with the intelligence that her mistress would see Mr. Howard as soon as he liked to go to her.

"I will be back in five minutes, Emily," he said, hastening from the room and leaving me to collect, as well as I could, the thoughts that had got strangely scattered during the last half hour.

But the five minutes lengthened into ten, fifteen, twenty, and still no Stephen appeared. I grew very tired of sitting there alone, and nervously anxious concerning what might be going on up-stairs.

I was on the point of braving my friend's displeasure, by asking admittance to Mrs. Howard's room, when, walking to the window, I saw Stephen and a gentleman, whom I conjectured must be the English doctor, pass out into the court of our hotel together. They were talking very earnestly, and I felt sure, when their faces were turned towards me, that Martin had not exaggerated her mistress's symptoms. Now then was my time to claim my right of taking care of the sick woman whose extraordinary kindness I had hitherto so ill repaid. In Stephen's absence I could easily get into the room, and once there I promised myself I would, in defiance of all opposition, hold my post. Under any circumstances I don't think I should have been deterred by fear of infection from performing a duty which was so obviously marked out for me, and under *present* circumstances—with so deep a well-spring of hope and joy in my heart—I am sure I could have encountered cheerfully the most terrific perils in the world.

In a few seconds from the moment I had looked out of the window, I was standing by Mrs. Howard's bedside, and listening to Martin's whispered announcement (for the invalid had just fallen into a sort of heavy dose), that her poor lady was attacked with the malignant fever which had lately been raging in these parts, and that the doctor feared it would prove a very bad case.

"You had best make haste down stairs again, Miss," were her concluding words, "or Mr. Stephen will be in a pretty way about you, for he asked the doctor very particularly if there was any danger of those who nursed the patients in these fevers catching them themselves, and he said it was not at all safe for *young* people to be exposed to the chance of infection—or anybody who was nervous or very delicate—so you see, Miss—"

"Yes I see, Martin, that as I am neither nervous nor delicate I am admirably fitted for the post of at least assistant nurse. Don't waste more time in talking about it: for I mean to stay here."

When Stephen came softly into the room a little later, and found me quietly established in an arm chair near the bed, his countenance expressed more anger—real anger—than I had believed it possible for one so tender and benevolent as himself to feel.

"Why have you done this, Emily," he said, "in defiance of my most earnest wishes and advice? You do not know the danger in which you are needlessly and foolishly placing yourself, nor the great pain you give me by such wilful conduct. Once more let me implore you to come out of this room. I was going to take a lodging for you quite away from the house. I think no harm can have been done yet. Come."

It was a little hard when Stephen said "come" in that kind, persuasive voice (for all his anger had melted away as he spoke to me)—it was a little hard, I repeat, to feel it my duty to resist him and to sit still, when it would have been such happiness to me to follow him and to spend even one more hour in his society.

"Don't think me obstinate or wilful if you can help it," I said pleadingly, "for indeed I have no motive but one which *seems* to me a right one for acting as I am doing. If I were ill I am certain Mrs. Howard would nurse me, reckless of any personal danger she might incur in doing so—and if this is not a sufficient reason for my persisting in remaining here, you know I could bring forward fifty others as good—and in your heart, Stephen, I believe you think I am only doing what I ought to do."

"I shall be so miserably anxious about you," he said, evading a direct answer to my bold statement, "so far as you are from England and all your friends. What would they feel if they knew the peril you are rashly seeking?"

It was strange that these words should have brought instantly into my thoughts, not my mother, not my father—loving and affectionate as they had ever been to me—but poor John Livingston, whose true and long enduring attachment had met so ungracious a requital. What would *he* feel if he saw me in this peril, was the idea suggested to my mind as Stephen spoke; and then, quickly following it, came another which brought some red into my cheeks and a quicker movement to the pulses of my heart. What would he feel—this poor, faithful John—when he should learn that I was the happy affianced wife of Stephen Howard. How would he bear the total and final destruction of those hopes which in spite of all my coldness I well knew he still cherished? My good old friend, my true old friend! how little he had deserved to be even for a time forgotten. How very, very sad I felt now, in the midst of that secret joy battling for entire possession of my heart, as I was brought suddenly to reflect upon what this joy of mine would be to one of the best friends I ever had in the world, and as, in imagination, I saw John Livingston receiving from my father the announcement of my engagement.

"What *are* you thinking about without such curious intentness, Emily?" asked Stephen, rousing me by his voice from the musing fit into which I had quite unconsciously fallen—"have I succeeded in making you perceive how cruelly you are acting to your friends at home."

I longed to say that one wish of his was far more to me than the combined wishes of all my friends at home, but having no

license *yet* to unveil my heart to him (notwithstanding that I was certain he read it plainly as a book), I only replied that my relations being in happy ignorance of our present trouble could have no anxiety on the subject, and that there was no need to write to them till all peril was over.

"But suppose, Emily, for one moment" (he would not give up his point easily, you see), "suppose you were to take this fever and be very, very ill—what should I do then—how should I ever forgive myself?"

"For not dragging me by force out of the house?" I asked, unable to resist a smile at the extreme gravity and perplexity of his countenance—"or for not sending a telegram to England to inform them of my naughtiness?"

"Nay, don't jest," he said very seriously—"I assure you the matter is grave enough to me. At least, you will not insist on spending the night here?"

"I will share the watch with Martin. Mrs. Howard would probably be alarmed at the sight of a hired nurse."

"If she is worse to-morrow, the doctor is, however, to procure us one—the sisters of charity act in the capacity of nurses here, and they are admirably trained, and, in general, proof against either fatigue or infection."

"At all events we shall be able to dispense with *your* services," I said with a little trembling of the voice, as I remembered that he was young as well as myself, and quite as likely if he came often to the sick room to catch the fever.

He only answered this by taking both my hands and bending over them with a look of perfectly indescribable trouble for a minute or two. Then, rather suddenly releasing them, he bade me "good night" in a quick, agitated tone, and with a few earnest charges to Martin (which I discovered afterwards referred chiefly to me) left us to ourselves and to our duties.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHAT I SAW AT THE POST-OFFICE.

It took three weeks of incessant care and watchfulness to bring Mrs. Howard safely through the very serious malady by which she had been attacked. At the end of that time she was pronounced out of all immediate danger; the fever had considerably abated, her consciousness had returned, and there was nothing now to struggle against but excessive physical debility and an over-

powering mental depression which was its natural consequence. Sitting by her bedside one evening and watching with a pain, that was not lessened by its familiarity, the large tears silently rolling down her white, sunken cheeks, I asked if I might send to the English library for an amusing book to read to her, or if there was anything in the world I could do to cheer her drooping spirits, and distract, even for a time, her melancholy thoughts.

"No, no," she said quickly and almost irritably, "I don't want to be amused." Then suddenly lifting her head from the pillow and gazing in her old, earnest way at me: "My poor Miriam, I have quite worn you out. You ought never to have been allowed to nurse me. Setting aside the fear of infection, the actual labour was quite unfit for you. I am too weak to insist on anything myself, but when Stephen comes back he must send you away somewhere. When do you expect him back, dear?"

"He thought he should be gone less than a week, but it is now twelve days since he left us, and I have only had one short note from him mentioning his safe arrival in Paris."

"Do you think, Miriam, he really had business there, or that he made the excuse to get away from the gloom which sickness brings into a house? As far as I am personally concerned, I could readily forgive him if it were so."

I suppressed the indignation I felt at the idea of anybody imputing insincerity to Stephen, and replied quite calmly, that I knew he had business in Paris, because a letter had been delivered to him in my presence which he had told me would oblige him to leave us immediately; that he had deeply regretted this necessity on account of his step-mother's illness, and had called before starting on the English clergyman of the place, requesting him to give us any assistance or show us any attention which in Stephen's own unavoidable absence we might chance to require.

"And this good Samaritan has been to see you several times, I think you told me, Miriam."

"Yes, I have indeed every reason to be grateful for his kindness. When the sister of charity arrived to nurse you, he pressed me most warmly to go and stay at his house with his wife and daughter; I was glad then that Stephen was away, for I am sure he would have urged me to accept the invitation, and we should have had a fierce battle on the subject."

"Dear child, you ought to have gone. You are very pale and thin, Miriam; I cannot bear to look at you, and yet this feeling of utter languor and helplessness renders it impossible for me to drive you from me. If only Stephen would return—"

"He will return in a day or two," I replied soothingly, and moving my chair to where Mrs. Howard could not so conveniently scan my white cheeks—"I have sent him a bulletin of your progress, you know, nearly every day."

"Ah, yes, you have had no end of trouble, poor child! and Heaven only knows whether it is over yet. If I should get well, we must go, I suppose, to that fairyland of Stephen's which he has so long raved about. Its pure air and grand old woods will bring the roses into those faded cheeks of yours again, Miriam. I should not dare to restore you to your English friends with such a face as you have at present."

"Oh, it is quite certain to recover its bloom and plumpness at Schwartzens," I said cheerfully; "I only wish *your* amendment was as sure a thing as mine."

Mrs. Howard shook her head feebly and slowly (this illness appeared to have aged her by twenty years), and again the tears gathered fast and thick in her dimmed eyes.

"Have no hopes or wishes for me, Miriam, except those that have reference to a possible rest in a world beyond the grave. Even during the delirium of this sickness I have been taken back so wholly and entirely into the past, that something denser and colder than the shadows of the grave appears to envelop me; something bitterer and crueller than death itself seems ever mocking at my despair—"

As the speaker paused for an instant, tightly shutting her eyes as if they saw phantoms round the bed, I exclaimed impulsively:

"Oh, dearest Mrs. Howard, do let the clergyman I have been telling you about come and talk to you. He is such a good, holy man, that I am positive he would make you happier. May I write him word to call to-morrow?"

"Miriam," said the sick woman, again raising herself far enough to turn round and get a full view of my face, "will you answer me one question: will you tell me whether, in the event of all your own brightest and fondest hopes being suddenly scattered like dry, autumn leaves around you—suffer the picture, grim and terrible as it is, to remain a moment in your sight, my child—whether, I say, in such a case, the talk of any good or holy man in the universe would take away a single particle of your unhappiness?"

I did suffer the picture to remain for a moment in my sight—only a moment, for, God help me! I felt I could not bear it longer—and then I too shook my head, and acknowledged that I had perhaps spoken unadvisedly, but added, that I so earnestly desired to see her comforted.

"You are my comfort, Miriam," she said plaintively; "all at least that I can ever expect in this present world; but you, too, I know I must lose soon, in *one way or another*—nay, it shall be but in one way" (she seemed now to be speaking less to me than to herself)—"come what may, you shall *not* be doomed to a withered, useless, desolate life like mine. You are still young and fair and good (I think I was once not far from good myself), and you *shall* be happy."

Here she fell into a dreamy reverie which soon changed to a quiet sleep, and I, resigning my place to Martin, went down into the empty drawing-room, and opening the large window to inhale all the fresh air I could, though summer was on the wane, sat resting my really weary head upon my hands, and longing, as I longed every hour of every day, that Stephen would return.

I had seen so little of him from the evening when Mrs. Howard's illness commenced, up to the period of his departure, and our thoughts and anxieties during that brief interval had flowed so naturally in the new channel suddenly opened for them, that no possible opportunity had occurred for the renewal of the subject which Martin had so unhappily interrupted on the evening in question. I did not think this mattered greatly, for Stephen's affectionate tenderness in bidding me good-bye, his earnest, importunate entreaties that I would take care of myself, the manner in which he had specially committed me to the kind surveillance of the clergyman, the doctor, and even Martin, fully satisfied me that all was right as far as his affections were concerned. But I missed him cruelly and increasingly as the days went on. I yearned for his presence with the strong yearning of a heart whose capacities for loving have not been frittered away in a dozen or two small attachments, and which really and truly loves for the first time. Also I wondered why, after that one short note announcing his arrival in Paris, he never wrote to me: for although there had been no agreement for anything like a correspondence, I had naturally supposed that the letters he exacted from me on the subject of Mrs. Howard's progress and my own health would certainly receive answers of some kind. He must have known, I thought, how drearily the days would pass for me in his absence, and how heavy and sick of heart I should grow in watching vainly for his return. It was not like Stephen to condemn any one to unnecessary anxiety—he who was so tender to all created things. There must be a powerful reason for his continued silence, if not for his prolonged absence—could it be illness? was it possible that he had been attacked by the same fever which had so nearly cost Mrs.

Howard her life? that he was even now suffering from its cruel pains, and suffering alone?

I need scarcely say, that when this thought fastened itself upon my mind it was the least endurable of all; it agitated, it frightened, it nearly maddened me—helpless as I was in discovering whether my terror had any foundation. Hitherto I had not liked in my own brief epistles (which contained nothing but the simple information he had desired me to give him), to ask him to write again; but to-night, sitting in that dreary room after my conversation with Mrs. Howard, feeling more than ever—perhaps from a physical weakness that was hourly taking a surer hold of me—the intense desire to hear something from Stephen, if I might not yet see him, I suddenly resolved to write as my heart dictated. There would still be time to get a letter to the post, if I took it myself, and ran all the way—nobody would see me in the dark, and I should not be wanted for half an hour at home. This was what I wrote:

“DEAR STEPHEN,—I cannot bear this suspense and misery any longer. Tell me at least whether you are well, and when you will come back to us. Mrs. Howard is anxious for your return, and I am dull and sad and lonely without you. Please forgive me for asking you to write; I only beg for one word just to relieve my fears.—Yours ever very sincerely,
EMILY VERNEX.”

Having hastily sealed and addressed this important letter I snatched up a shawl and bonnet, and desiring Porson to tell them up-stairs that I had gone out for a breath of air, I started on my expedition, and, in spite of the momentarily increasing pain in my head, arrived in less than ten minutes at the post-office.

It was not yet quite dark, and as I leant breathless and exhausted against the wall of the building, after having dropped my letter into the box, I saw a figure at a short distance, but advancing towards the spot where I stood, that caused every pulse in my body to vibrate as if an electric shock had passed through me. It was either Stephen Howard or his ghost! In the excitement of my mind, aggravated by the extreme physical depression from which I was suffering, I verily believed it to be the latter; so that as he came nearer and nearer, apparently unconscious of my vicinity, I could scarcely forbear a shriek of terror and anguish. He was dead, then! That was the thought which alone took entire possession of me—*dead; lost to me for ever!* I remember settling that fact very clearly, before my brain began to swim, and then a darkness like that of the blackest night suddenly fell on all around me; and I know nothing more.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MARY LODER.

The summer days with all their golden promise—those summer days which Stephen had once said would pass only too quickly—were entirely gone before the disease which had laid so powerful a grasp upon me relaxed its hold, and left me with just a little remnant of life, to gaze out wonderingly upon the changed world.

What I saw first when the power of intelligent vision returned was an unfamiliar room containing unfamiliar objects, amongst the rest a woman of quiet, matronly aspect, sitting working at a table by the window; against which, as I turned my heavy eyes in that direction, a shower of autumn leaves were being drifted from some tall trees whose heavy branches I could see swaying in the chill autumn wind.

After an illness such as mine had been, the mental faculties can only by slow degrees regain their strength, the mental emotions require time to gather up their usual force; and thus it is that the most crushing sorrow becomes endurable to the physically prostrate, because the weakening of the body must bring with it the weakening of every passion which affects the mind.

My recollection of the scenes that had immediately preceded my dizziness at the post-office, was at first very confused and indistinct. Even when memory brightened and I could plainly recal what I believed to have been the appearance of Stephen Howard's ghost, this belief affected me in a much less agonizing degree than it had done at the time of its originally impressing me. I felt too near the borders of the spirit world myself, to have a very keen regret at the idea that he whom I had so wholly loved had passed into it before me. I had no wish to ask questions of the pale, calm woman sitting sewing at the table. I took it for granted that she was there to watch over me, and for the present I was content through half shut eyes to gaze at those waving trees, and at the old brown leaves which they shook in disdain from their still youthful branches, and deposited, till some fiercer northern breeze should bear them quite away, on my little window sill.

In spite of the deep melancholy attendant on this mood there was a kind of forlorn luxury in it that made me unwilling to have it disturbed, and a sigh of irritation (or what would have been irritation had I possessed a grain of strength) escaped me as the woman suddenly laid aside her work and came very softly and on tiptoe to look at her patient.

"Do you feel better, my dear?" she asked in as calm and composed a tone as if I had gone to sleep with a headache only half an hour before.

"Yes, thank you, but what has been the matter with me, and why am I here?"

I had no choice but to ask questions now, and since she *had* disturbed me, I was resolved she should have enough of them.

"My dear, you have had the fever very badly, and you were taken so suddenly with a fainting fit in the street that it was thought desirable to carry you into a house at once. Our house was nearer than your hotel, and besides it would not have done to alarm Mrs. Howard who was only just out of danger herself. My husband knew you before. He is an English clergyman, and I am his wife, Mrs. Loder. My daughter Mary has been your chief nurse, but we have been all of us very happy in assisting to take care of you."

While this good woman spoke I was struggling to clear my brain of the mists that *would* gather around it. Every word she uttered appeared to increase the confusion of my ideas; her words travelled faster than my powers of comprehension could follow them. She saw at length that I was yet too weak to endure being talked to, and after looking very closely into my eyes and carefully feeling my skin, which double examination appeared perfectly satisfactory, she told me to go to sleep again like a good child, and that she would send Mary to sit beside me.

"But indeed you must tell me something more before you go," I said, holding fast the hand with which she had been smoothing the bed-clothes; "where is Mrs. Howard now, and what—what has happened to her step-son?"

Mrs. Loder opened her eyes as widely as such calm, quiet eyes could ever be supposed to open: "Mrs. Howard was ordered change of air the moment she was able to leave her room, and her step-son has taken her to Germany: we write to them about you every day."

I felt my heart give one tumultuous bound, and then a sudden faintness came over me. Mrs. Loder hastened to the table for some medicine, of which she compelled me to swallow what seemed an enormous quantity; but I was better when I had taken it and told her that I would now try to go to sleep, a resolution that met her entire approval as she testified by immediately darkening the room and hurrying away from me.

How long I slept after this I have no idea, but it appeared to me about half a life-time, and when I awoke from that full and perfect repose I knew at once that my strength was coming back,

and that, however near I might have been to the "other world," I had returned, or was returning, to bear my part a little longer in the joys and sorrows of this.

Everything around me looked brighter than it had done when first I unclosed my eyes the day before. A few gleams of autumn sunshine were stealing through the closed venetian blinds, several vases of fresh, lovely flowers decorated the exquisitely neat and orderly apartment, and softly chiming bells—Sabbath bells, I felt sure they must be—floated on the quiet air and were the only sounds of any kind that reached me from without.

The room being large and the light in it so subdued, it was some minutes after I awoke and had lain in really intense enjoyment of my position, before I became aware that I was not alone. I did not see any one at first, but I heard a voice, low and wonderfully sweet, mingling with the distant bells—both gaining rather than losing by being heard together, and both calculated to draw the most earth-bound thoughts, at least for the time, from a world of human passion and unrest. Some of the words I then listened to as in a dream I have always remembered. They were these :

" My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here,
Then why should I tremble when trials are near ?
Be hushed my sad spirit, the worst that can come
But shortens thy journey and hastens thee home.

" It is not for me to be seeking my bliss
Or building my hopes in a region like this ;
I look for a kingdom that hands have not piled,
I pant for a country by sin undefiled."

I have said that I listened to the singer of these verses, and others that followed them, as in a dream ; but even a dream has often impressed me with a sense of greater reality than did the circumstances by which I was now surrounded. It was all so new and strange to me, so unlike any former experience, so suggestive of those higher and better things which I had accustomed myself to put aside for a more convenient season, that, mingling as it did with the novel train of ideas that were born of extreme physical weakness, it was surely no wonder that I half questioned whether I were well awake, and required stronger proof than the evidence of my own enfeebled senses to assure me of the reality of the whole scene.

By and bye the singer's voice became suddenly hushed, and immediately after (and just as I had made up my mind to ask her to go on) a small, thin figure advanced from some shadowy corner of the room, and stood at the head of my bed, earnestly contemplating me.

"How unlike her mother," was my first thought (for of course I guessed my present companion to be Mary Loder), and then I felt constrained, as absolutely constrained as if I had been mesmerized, to gaze back at her with all my powers of gazing, before I could speak a word.

A small thin figure, as I have already said, neither graceful nor the reverse; just such a little neat, unpretending, common-place figure as one sees every day, and would never think of looking at twice if the face belonging to it were of the same familiar cast. Perhaps nature had originally so arranged it in the case of Mary Loder. There was nothing, as I afterwards discovered, in the construction of her features to make them seem out of keeping with the quiet unassuming figure I have just described; but the two remarkable points about her were striking enough to arrest the whole attention at the first glance, and to give the beholder an impression that he was looking at one of the most singular and even startling faces in the world. Yet these points related only to the eyes and to the hair; the first, which were large and very dark, protruding to such an extent from the head that they appeared literally as if they must presently drop from the face altogether, and the last being of an almost snowy whiteness, though so thick, waving, and luxuriant, that it would have betrayed, if nothing else had done so, the extreme youth of its owner. Nobody could have guessed Mary Loder to be above twenty; and she was in reality two years less than that.

The sweet voice I had just experienced such pleasure in listening to, was the first thing that roused me from the utter surprise her appearance had excited.

"You have had a delightful sleep," she said, in pleasant if not very cheerful accents, "and are feeling, I hope, a great deal better—ready for some breakfast and a visit from mamma. I must go and tell her you are awake."

"But you will come back?" I asked, conscious still of the powerful though half painful attraction which had first drawn me to look at this young girl so intently, and really apprehensive of having wounded her by my close observation.

"Oh, yes," she replied kindly, "I shall stay with you all the morning while the others are at church. It is Sunday, you know."

"I fancied so from the bells we hear, and from the style of your singing. You must sing to me again by and bye."

"Willingly—do you like hymns?"

"Sometimes—oh, of course, always on Sundays."

It was not a smile that hovered on Mary's lip as I said this.

but it was something infinitely sad and infinitely sweet that I recalled afterwards when I knew more about her and her principles.

"I like them every day," she said gently; "but you must have your breakfast now, so while I get it, mamma shall come and speak a word to you."

Mrs. Loder entered almost immediately, dressed for church, and with the same quiet, kindly smile upon her face, that it had worn the day before. She expressed her pleasure at my rapid amendment, prophesied that I should be down stairs in a day or two, and then suddenly walked to the door to see if it was fast closed, returning with a graver and sadder look to her previous station by the bed.

"Mary will be your companion for this morning, my dear," she commenced in rather an agitated voice; "and as young people when they get together are apt to talk freely, I must warn you to avoid two subjects—drowning and apparitions. Four years ago (though, God knows, it seems but yesterday) a young brother, to whom our Mary was passionately attached, lost his life at sea by falling overboard on a dark night; and about that time she *imagines* he appeared to her with his hair all dripping and his face deadly pale—also that he spoke to her, though *what he said* she has never repeated. The next morning when I went into her room I found her in a raging fever, which kept her hovering between life and death for nearly six weeks. When youth and a naturally good constitution triumphed at length over disease, her pretty chesnut hair had all turned white, and her eyes, which had been perhaps a little unusually full before, had assumed the strange and painful appearance you remark in them now. Since our residence abroad her nerves have partially regained their tone, but life, *as life*, has ceased to have any interest for her; and but for the deep and all influencing piety which by the grace of God has sprung up in her heart during the last two years, I believe she would sink into a state of hopeless melancholy, which would soon carry her to the grave. As it is she is far from unhappy, and I am sure the world does not contain a more unselfish, kinder, gentler being than our poor Mary. She is coming now, so you will remember what I have told you, my dear, and avoid the slightest allusion that could call up any memory connected with the past."

The mother—rendered sacred in my eyes by this her great sorrow—wiped away a few patient tears as Mary entered the room again; and having charged me to make a hearty breakfast, and warned her daughter against letting me talk too much, she bade us both good-bye, and left us together for the long Sabbath morning.

CHAPTER XXIV.

JANET'S NEWS.

The conviction that Mary Loder was destined to exercise an influence over my future life, or at least to be, in some unmistakable way, associated with it, grew and grew with every hour I spent in her society. Strange as the assertion may appear, she was the first decidedly pious person with whom I had ever been brought in contact. Of course, I had known both men and women who were called "serious," and who attended scrupulously to all the outward observances of their religion, but one who *acted up* to her profession, who really and truly walked straight on in the "narrow path" which the gospel has mapped out as essential to be pursued by those who would follow their Divine Master, I had never met till now; and the study of such a character was very strange and interesting to me. At first I was inclined to think that the great shock she had sustained four years ago, with all its attendant mental and physical sufferings, had imparted a morbid tinge to her mind which led her to exaggerate the requirements of the religion that had appeared to spring out of the ashes of this early trouble; but the more I knew of her the more her extraordinary, though always rational, earnestness impressed me with a conviction that she was right and moderate in whatever she said and did, and that I myself, and all others who were less in earnest concerning the one thing needful, were wrong.

Had Mary begun by preaching to me, by telling me I was a great sinner and in need of immediate repentance and reformation, I have no doubt I should have turned from her impatiently, and thought her (as we are apt to think those who find fault with us) a very troublesome and tedious person, indeed. But she did nothing of the sort. Her mission was to win rather by example than by precept, and the lovely spirit of charity which dwelt within her inclined her to think the very best of everybody around her. Even amongst the most sincere Christians I cannot believe there are many like Mary Loder, and far from considering her as the type of a class, I am constrained to look upon her as an exceedingly rare exception—as one of the very, very few to whom the Spirit is given in abundant measure, and who, but for that golden chord of universal love which binds them to our sin-sick world, in the tender hope of winning other weary souls to heaven, would at once spread their bright wings and flee away.

From each member of that excellent, simple-hearted family I

received, as my health and strength returned, the utmost kindness. As a stranger they had taken me in—as a daughter they cherished and watched over me—feeling themselves, they warmly declared, more than repaid by the pleasure I so manifestly experienced in being with them, and in the strong interest their dear Mary had from the very first taken in me. Their only regret was that owing to a promise exacted by Mrs. Howard from Mr. Loder, I was to be restored to her protection the very moment the doctor should declare me in a fit state for travelling. They all wanted to keep me *after* I was in a condition to enjoy the quiet home amusements and recreations they themselves indulged in, and thought it hard to send me from them at the very first appearance of returning bloom upon my white cheeks.

My own feelings and wishes on this subject were exceedingly varied and capricious. I thoroughly liked the Loders; I was grateful for their disinterested kindness to me; I enjoyed being with Mary in a degree that surprised even myself; I longed to ramble with her in the lovely spots she told me of far beyond the town, and to inhale the pure mountain breezes that had already, coming in at my window, seemed to impart strength and vigour to my weakened body: but then, on the other hand, what a time it was since I had seen Stephen—what ages appeared to have elapsed since that eventful evening when his avowal of attachment had been interrupted by the news of Mrs. Howard's sudden illness, and how strong at times was the old yearning to feel *sure* that we belonged to each other, and that as far as mutual affection was concerned nothing could come between us. Little by little the genuine humility which had belonged to me at our first acquaintance, making his serious regard for me appear a thing impossible, had vanished quite away; months of prosperity and such spoiling as I received both from Mrs. Howard and from Stephen himself, had done their work, and converted me into a very self-complacent young lady, indeed; and few if any doubts troubled me as to my fitness to become the wife of a man who, in worldly position as well as personal merit, was undoubtedly far above me.

I did want very much, and increasingly as the remaining mists of physical prostration cleared from my brain, to be with him once more, and to have renewed the exquisite happiness I had always found in his society. When this longing came most powerfully upon me I could not feign interest in anything happening around me. Mary Loder soon discovered that there were times when even her conversation wearied and oppressed me, and when, do what I would, I could not conceal my restless yearning for the order to

move on. One day she said, taking my idle hand half timidly, but wholly lovingly into her own :

"I know you want to be away from us at this moment, Emily ; your eyes and heart have travelled miles and miles beyond our sheltering mountains which, beautiful as they are, cannot be compared to the fairyland you are gazing into. Dear Emily, do not be vexed with me if I guess more than you would wish to tell me. People say I have a great talent for reading the hearts of those I very much care for, and you know I very much care for you—"

"Thank you, Mary," I replied with a crimsoning face, for it instantly occurred to me that I had made revelations during the delirium of fever which had guided my young nurse in her guessings ; "I do believe you like me, and I believe too that though we are soon to part now we shall certainly meet again, when you will become, perhaps, even more my 'good angel' than you have been at present."

I spoke half jestingly, and because I wanted to get away from the subject Mary had touched upon ; but she, dear, earnest child ! received my words as if they had been seriously uttered, and her pale, meek face brightened all over.

"Ah, Emily," she exclaimed, what a privilege, what an honour I should esteem it, to be ever, under any circumstances, of the slightest real use to you. If you are happy in this life I shall *not* be—my work is not amongst the happy ones—but if sorrow and disappointment reach you, if the sun and the moon grow dark and you cease to dwell in your bright fairyland beyond our hoary mountains, then perhaps you will remember that I have suffered bitterly myself, and that above everything else I love to sympathise with those on whom also the rod has fallen heavily."

"Yes," I said, lightly answering the words I had lightly felt—"I will come to you, my little tender-hearted Mary, if ever any dire disaster overtakes me. I should never be a saint I am afraid like you, but indeed and in truth, whether happy in this world or otherwise, I should be glad to imbibe more of your blessed spirit, and to be taught of you how best to serve the God who is so good to me."

"Ask Him to teach you this Himself, dear," she said, very gravely and earnestly—"and lose no time about it, lest the evil days come upon you before you have a place to shelter in. Oh, Emily, it is harder than you can imagine, very cruelly hard to pass through the fire or through the water *before* you have a Divine Friend to enter it with you."

Mary rarely alluded, even in the most distant manner, to her

own past trial. Her voice shook now strangely as she spoke, and after bending to press one hurried kiss upon my face, she ran quickly from the room, leaving me to ponder on all we had been talking about.

Not very long, however, did I reflect either upon the "evil days" she had alluded to, or upon the Divine Friend whose love she had exhorted me to secure; for ten minutes after the daughter's abrupt departure, the mother came into my room with a large packet of letters that had just arrived from Germany, and in devouring their contents I forgot that there could be any but good days in store for me, or that I needed at present any more tender or efficient friendship than that which these letters plainly declared to be my own.

Mrs. Howard wrote briefly but very kindly, expressing the long anxiety she had suffered on my account, and her heartfelt gratitude at the last news she had received of me. I must now lose no time, she added, in hastening to the place where she and Stephen were most impatiently waiting for me—it was a German town celebrated for some particular waters which she had been ordered to drink and bathe in. Within a day's journey of this place was Schwartzten, and here we were all to proceed as soon as possible after my arrival. Stephen would have come to fetch me, but that he had been really ill himself, something less alarming than the fever which had done enough in attacking two of the family—(I liked that phrase especially)—but serious enough to render care and quiet very necessary, and to account partially, not entirely though, for the depression of spirits which his step-mother had observed in him ever since he joined her again after his Paris trip. Of course it was only natural, Mrs. Howard thought, that Stephen should share in her anxiety about myself. Before leaving me he had gone at least a dozen times to Mr. Loder's to reiterate the charges already most emphatically given concerning the care they had faithfully promised to take of me. She had herself been extremely unwilling to go from B—at all while I was there, but her health imperatively demanded immediate change, and Stephen had felt it his duty to accompany her. There was nothing more of any importance in the letter, except the information that Mr. Loder had agreed to find an escort for me as far as the first German town, where Porson was to meet me and take me on to his mistress.

The fact of Stephen's illness, while it caused me to long more ardently than ever to be with him, inclined me to judge him very leniently for not having added one line to his step-mother's communication. He knew that we should meet now in a few days,

and it would be so infinitely sweeter to *say* all that remained to be said between us than to *write* any portion of it. Was there not enough in Mrs Howard's letter to fill me with renewed hope and gladness?

Till the present moment I had not known of my kind friend's frequent visits to Mr. Loder's while I was lying in the first critical stage of my illness. They had only told me that Mr. Howard brought me in a hired carriage to their house, having found me fainting at the post-office close by, and that *they* had suggested my being intrusted to their care, on discovering the nature of the malady that had attacked me. I had always believed that Stephen must have yielded reluctantly to the necessity of committing me to the tender mercies of comparative strangers, and now I thought I could trace his fears and his struggles more clearly than ever, and I was quite disposed to agree with Mrs. Howard that the coming on of his own illness was not the sole cause of the depression she referred to.

In truth I had a fund of bright and hopeful thoughts to fall back upon by and bye. Just now they must not be indulged, because there are two or three letters from home, enclosed in Mrs. Howard's packet, claiming my immediate attention.

One from my mother (a very rare pleasure, by the bye, for poor mamma, with all her household duties, was the worst of correspondents) wondering at my long silence, and expressing a variety of maternal anxieties on the subject of her truant daughter. Another (a very few lines, though) from my father, reproving me mildly for neglecting to write to them, and thus occasioning them all—mamma particularly—much uneasiness. At the end of this letter was added in John Livingston's hand these words: "I am trying to fulfil the charge you left with me, Emmy, but circumstances that I cannot now explain render this more difficult than we could either of us have anticipated. I fear there is something *very, very* wrong with the person in whom we are both interested.—J. L."

Last of all there was a tolerably curious epistle from my sister Janet, containing, amongst much unimportant gossiping intelligence, the following rather striking information:

"As for Miriam Clyne, who I imagine was fast becoming a *special favourite* of yours, I have only to say that I for one *don't believe* in that young lady, and *what is more*, I am almost sure papa himself is beginning to *mistrust* her. Ever since you left she has been in a pining, miserable state that is enough to give anybody the horrors who has the misfortune to live in the same house with her; but about six weeks ago she began to look so very ill and to

have such frequent fainting fits that both papa and Mr. Clyne were alarmed for her life, and made sure she was going into a *decline*, or something *equally interesting*. Papa recommended immediate change of air, at which my lady seemed at first to catch eagerly, but when she found he only meant to send her to Devonshire or the Isle of Wight, her spirits drooped again, and she declared she should be worse there than at home. All this time, I ought to explain, there had been a kind of sentimental flirtation going on between Miss Miriam and John Livingston—I am not afraid of hurting your feelings, Emily, because I suspect *your* heart is disposed of in another quarter; though I must confess I think you might have been more communicative with me on *that* subject—but to return to what I was writing about, there had been, I repeat, something very like a flirtation between John and Miriam for a considerable time,—talks together in the twilight, strolls in the garden, looks of intelligence exchanged between them, and so on. We had all noticed it, and I fancy papa was a little nettled at the idea of your being so soon supplanted, and a good deal astonished that his *peerless* Miriam, his *model young lady*, could stoop to flirt with a man who had so recently admired and courted another girl. But judge of our surprise at the lengths to which this must have gone when John told papa one day that he had better prevail on Mr. Clyne to take his daughter *abroad*, for that he *knew* it was the only thing likely to do her the least good. Papa replied, rather shortly I believe, that he did not like mysteries, but that he supposed, as John seemed in Miss Clyne's confidence, it was all right, and that for his own part he should be glad to advance any measure calculated to restore the young lady to her original health and spirits. In a day or two after this, it was announced that Mr. Clyne and his daughter were to start immediately for Paris, though I overheard papa tell mamma, the poor invalid was irritated beyond measure at the necessity for moving at all, and Miriam herself was in such a state of nervous excitement that nobody expected she would have bodily strength for the journey. Nor had she. The very first day, before they could even reach Dover, she was seized with a succession of fainting fits, and poor miserable Mr. Clyne, half dead himself, brought her back, and made a vow I believe to let things take their course at home, as he was wholly unequal to any further exertion.

“Miriam is still excessively weak and ill, and rarely comes down stairs at all. Mamma nurses her, and I have the treat of reading to that tiresome, fidgetty old man, who I verily believe, in his intense selfishness, considers himself the only person to be pitied

in this matter of his daughter's mysterious illness. Papa says openly now that he can do nothing for her, and that she must have some *great weight* on her mind or *conscience*! mamma only sees that she is suffering, and waits on her as tenderly and carefully as if she were a *saint*. Pretty saint *I* expect she will turn out, but I am willing to be charitable and to wait for the unravelling of "*the Wildwood mystery*," as I call it. In the meanwhile, John Livingston, who might no doubt enlighten us, looks grave and pre-occupied and is about as dull a companion as one could well find. After all this, I need scarcely tell you that I am heartily sick of my present mode of life, and that I am longing for the spring when Letty has promised to coax her husband to invite me to stay a month or two with them at Carrickfergus."

"Poor Miriam!" I thought, as slowly I refolded this brilliant effusion from the pen of my sister Janet—"she has then no friend left but the one whom I secured for her. Good, faithful John! he will keep his promise and stand by this unhappy girl, no matter how formidable may be the obstacles opposed to his doing so."

I laughed at Janet's idea of a flirtation between them. It was so very like her to suspect such a thing—so very unlike either of them to indulge in it. But how much, I wondered, did he really know of Miriam's secret grief, and what object could she have, and he be aware of her having, in desiring to be taken abroad—to Paris?

Suddenly a thought flashed into my mind, so strange, so wild, so terrible even in its vagueness, that I felt for a moment as if it had stunned me. The next instant I had altogether discarded it as utterly irreconcilable with common-sense, and with that calm, prosaic view of life and its general events which I had always been in the habit of taking.

Nevertheless there was a strong feeling of rejoicing in my heart when Mr. Loder told me that evening, with many expressions of kind regret at the necessity for hurrying me, that if he was to fulfil his promise to Mrs. Howard of escorting me the first half of my journey, we should have to start the following afternoon.

* * * * *

"*Till you need me, dear*," said Mary Loder, half playfully, half mournfully, as we bade each other a loving adieu at the door of her father's house, and were both trying to smile away the tears this parting had called forth.

"We always need our good angels, Mary," I replied in the same spirit; "but if the special need you allude to is only to follow my banishment from the fairyland you once spoke of, then I can but

hope—and you must hope and pray for me—that I may never, never need you. Ah, Mary,” I said in a lower voice, and conscious of burning blushes on my cheek, “you must come to me *in* my fairyland, but do not expect or ask me, when once admitted, to come out of it again. Indeed, indeed I shall be far too happy.”

“Till you need me, however, Emily,” Mary repeated with an attempt to make her smile brighter and more hopeful this time—“and until then, dear, may God in his great mercy keep and guide and bless you.”

She ran in before I could answer this, closing the door upon her pale face and wet eyes—and in another five minutes I was seated beside Mr. Loder, and forgetting everything else in the one entrancing thought that I was at length fairly on my way to happiness, and Stephen.

(To be continued.)

THE DREAM OF THE SWALLOWS.

"Where they most breed and haunt,
The air is delicate."

SHAKESPEARE.

[To MONSIEUR G. S. TREBUTIEN,* Conservator of the Bibliothèque of Caen, on receiving, from that gentleman, a copy of a rare tome, a little "blue book" of delicious poesy, entitled, "LE LIVRE DES HIRONDELLES," "*imprimé à petit nombre pour distribution intime*:"

ELIZABETH SHERIDAN CAREY.]

In my chamber sitting idly,—
Idly on a summer's eve,
On the landscape, stretching widely,
Long I gaz'd, to gazing grieve :
Grieve for summer's radiance flying
From the green earth's roseate bow'rs,—
Fading, fleeting ; ling'ring, dying,—
Speeding with the speeding hours :
Grieve for roses, paling, pining,
All dishevell'd, on the spray ;—
For the meads, their pomp resigning,—
For the green leaves warn'd away :
For the gems in grass half-hidden ;
For the threads of silver bright
Thro' the thick moss, all unchidden,
Wand'ring, murm'ring with delight :
For the brown bee, patient, toiling,
Searching for the honey-dew,
Ere the winter, all-despoiling,
O'er the buds his frost-work threw :
For the south wind, soft, delicious,
Laden with the violet's sighs,—
Balmy airs and beams auspicious,
Soul-entrancing summer-skies :
Grieving for the passing splendour,
Beauty, life, and glory doom'd !
Gazing, musing, rapt, and tender,
In my chamber sun-illum'd.

* See Note A, page 25.

THE DREAM OF THE SWALLOWS.

Haught is Autumn in her glory,
 Skies of flame and boughs of gold,
 Foaming rivers, mountains hoary,
 Stormy brightness to behold :

But the summer—sweet midsummer !
 Time of Shakespeare's witching dream,
 Spells of potent charm become her,
 Birds and bloom and amber beam.

And I sate all silent, lonely,
 Plung'd in pensive reverie,—
 Were there but one swallow,—only
 ONE—to tell of Summer free !

One—but one on light'ning pinion
 Launch'd athwart the solar beam,
 Shooting up to Jove's dominion,—
 Downwards dipping to the stream :

Slender, bright-eyed, eager, airy,
 Guest of Princes ; poet-woo'd ;
 Childhood's marvel,—never weary,—
 Bright Apollo's favour'd brood :

And I scann'd, but ah ! 'twas fruitless,
 Lawn, and eaves, and steeple gray ;
 Cloud and blue lake,—bootless, bootless
 Search for Swallows flown away :

Flown away o'er moor and mountain ;
 Flown away o'er land and sea,
 Where as from some golden fountain
 Pour the sunbeams ceaselessly.

Turn'd I from the casement, sadly,
 For I sorrow'd, sooth to say,
 When—what was it swiftly, gladly
 Chased the fitful gloom away ?

Sure, I heard the pinions fleeting !
 Sure the blithe shrill twitter, heard !
 Was it not the eager greeting
 Of my own familiar bird !

In my chamber, glad careering ;
 Out upon the vine-leav'd sill ;
 Here and there at once appearing,
 In his wild, capricious will :

Giddy—joyous—curious—busy,—
Shooting upwards, downwards—so !
Till the very sight grew dizzy
Gazing on him, to and fro.

'Twas my Swallow—darling Swallow
Glancing thro' the lattice there,
With a troop that dar'd to follow
From the regions of the air.

Dream it was ; a day-dream glowing,
Full of wondrous charm for me,
And its bright existence owing
To the spells of Poësy.

Thanks—a thousand thanks I render
Donor of that witching tome,
Where a world of fancies, tender,
Truthful, holy, have their home :

With a summer, never flying,—
With the fragrance of her flow'rs—
With the breath of west-winds sighing
In the music of her bow'rs.

Thanks then gracious, gifted stranger,
For thy pages' potent spell ;
Shelter'd there from ev'ry danger,
Deathless hence "LES HIRONDELLES."

VERSAILLES.

NOTE.

[^a Poet, Antiquary and Philologist, profoundly versed in the oriental languages which he has studied with the ardour of an enthusiast, MONSIEUR G. S. TREBUTIEN has not only enriched the literature of his native country with the elegant and erudite productions of his pen, but has translated and edited several important works. Among these may be enumerated : "*Contes Extraits du Thouthi-Nameh*" (1826) ; a collection of "*Contes Inédits des Mille-et-une-Nuits*," from the most complete Manuscript (1828) ; "*Les Recherches et Antiquités de la Neustrie*" of Bourgueville, (1833) : some pieces in verse of the thirteenth century ; "*Le dit du Ménage*" (1835) ; "*Le Pas de Saladin*" (1836) ; "*Le Roman de Robert le Diable*" (1837) ; "*Les Chansons de Maurice et de Pierre de Craon*," Anglo-Norman Poets (1843) ; a description of the Monuments of Caen (1847) ;* and, not the least interesting to the English reader, "*Echoes from the Harp of France*," a little volume of poesy, full of genius and beauty, from the pen of our accomplished countrywoman MRS. H. M. CAREY, wife of the REVEREND ADOLPHUS FREDERICK CAREY, M.A., and daughter of VICE-ADMIRAL SIR JAHLEEL BRENTON, K.C.B., who, in the brilliant action in the Bay of Naples in 1810, sustained the honour of the British flag, and covered himself with glory.

E. S. C.]

* Vide *Dictionnaire Universel des Contemporains*, par GV apereau, Paris. 1853.

LIGHT LITERATURE

BY THE REV G. E. MAUNSELL

SOME two or three years ago the following anecdote went the round of the papers. A clergyman, who with more zeal than success was in attendance upon a Suffolk peasant during his last illness, after having been long listened to in silence, was thunderstruck to see the dying man raise himself upon his elbow, and to hear him utter, in a dialect far easier conceived than written, these memorable words: "What with faith, and what with the earth a-turning round the sun, and what with the railroads a-fuzzing and a-whuzzing, I'm clean stonied, muddled, and beat:" and so he layed himself down again and died.

There must, we imagine, be a strong fellow-feeling with this poor man in the minds of those much enduring men, the readers for the great publishing firms, and the critics to the literary journals. What with heavy memoirs and travels, and what with bad rhyme, and what with sensation novels a-fuzzing and a-whuzzing in their brains, small wonder if they too are clean stonied, muddled, and beat.

The rapidity with which the light literature of the day is produced, is indeed marvellous; even in these days of marvels, and if quantity could supply the place of quality, this age would be worthy of notice above all others; but this, save with a few indiscriminate book devourers, is not the case, and the waste paper and small grocery shopkeepers are often the sole individuals to profit by the speculation of the aspirant. Doubtless, the previously acquired reputation of a successful book, and the co-operation of sometimes not very scrupulously truthful reviewers, will do much for a work, however carelessly it be written; and indeed, we constantly have examples before us of this kind; but, as a general rule, the reading public, although caught at the time by the magic of a name, and to a degree biassed by the critic, will not for long continue to patronize a book utterly without some kind or degree of merit. The ascent of the sky-rocket, and the descent of its stick, is by no means an untruthful type of an author lifted above his deserts, solely because he has friends and helpers behind the scenes.

The chief cause, however, of the inferiority of much light literature of the present day is most assuredly the railroad speed at which it is produced. Memoirs, which require, we might well say, months, and oftentimes, years of patient collation, assortment, and selection, are thrown together in a few weeks.

Travels, in which the hardy adventurer *should* remember that it is just possible that the country through which he passed may have more

general interest than his own personal feelings, or minute statements concerning his health, appetite, and diet, appear almost simultaneously with the re-appearance of their authors; and as for novels, tales, and romances, one would think that they possess, like some insects and reptiles, the hermaphroditic power of self re-production: and it is in these last that the effects of a too great rapidity of composition are most manifest.

Passing over the huge folios which constituted the delight of our great, great grandmothers, we shall find the novels of past days, those of Fielding, Richardson, and Smollett, chiefly valuable on account of their truthful delineation of the men and manners of their times. Coarse as their language, and indelicate as their writings appear to this present age, their scenes have oftentimes all the vividness of portraiture that a painting of Hogarth still possesses; and as we read them, although, perhaps, we wonder at England in such a garb, we cannot but feel that such men and such women actually *did* live, and that such were their actions and conversation whilst on earth. In days still nearer our own, who is there who cannot thoroughly enter into the quiet domestic scenes of Miss Austen? Indeed, so minutely accurate to every-day life are the novels of this authoress, that we can compare them to nothing save some delicately elaborate piece of Italian mosaic work, the *tout ensemble* of which, although most pleasing to the eye, yet requires an almost microscopic inspection in order fully to appreciate its merits, and the vast amount of pains and patient labour bestowed upon it.

To Sir Walter Scott, the great Wizard of the North, the most graceful tribute of praise that ever was given, came from the pen of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.* "When I am very ill indeed," he writes, "I can read Scott's novels, and they are almost the only books I can then read. I cannot at such times read the Bible; my mind reflects on it, but I can't bear the open page."

More than this it is unnecessary to say. Sir Walter Scott's novels will live, will be read, and will form the rational pleasure of thousands so long as the English language shall endure. As to his rapidity of composition, it must be kept in mind that the incidents, the legends, and the staple matter for his works, were the result, not of a casual reading up for his subject, but of the untiring research of very many years: he had, indeed, the pen of a ready writer, but the materials were long before-hand laid up and stored in his capacious brain. Among living authors, the earlier writings of Mr. Dickens, although in some degree caricatures of his subjects, and those of Mr. Thackeray are almost the only ones which seem to possess in themselves an enduring vitality. Of the myriads of others, issuing forth every spring in all the glories of magenta binding, broad margin, and three volumes, the publisher's price, "one guinea and a half," and, after a few months, the dingy label, "price three shillings and sixpence" of the book-stalls, tell the tale.

Carelessly written as these ephemera are, it is necessary in order to

*Table talk, page 279

obtain even a passing popularity, that they should have some qualities to attract; and hence the origin of what is now called "The Sensation Novel."

"Not being able to make her beautiful, you have made her splendid," was the observation of a celebrated painter of antiquity, when his pupil produced for his inspection a richly robed portrait of a female. "Not being able to make it good, you have made it startling," we might well say to many a novelist of the present day.

Moreover, in addition to the fact, that minds worn, and bodies jaded, by late hours and a continual round of frivolous dissipation, require something highly spiced to attract their attention, there is but too much reason to fear that George Sand, Eugene Sue, Alexander Dumas, *pere et fils*, and others, have had no small share in exciting a relish for the grotesquely horrible, the impossible, and the vicious. Bad shilling translations of these writers are continually appearing for the edification of those unacquainted with the French language; and the presence of the originals at the principal circulating libraries prove that somebody, and, if we may judge from the appearance of the volumes themselves, a good many *somebodies*, are in the habit of perusing them as they appear.

Not as yet, thank God, have our writers ventured where these have dared to tread; and yet, when in recent publications, a murderer is the hero of one novel, and the heroine of another without interest until she becomes an adulteress, we cannot but fear that the tendency is towards the downward path. Add to this, that the light literature and the manners of the day act reciprocally on each other; the manners giving the tone to the books, and the books in turn giving an exaggerated and distorted reflection of the manners.

When, in addition to the well worn topics of the day, the more dubious members of the *demi monde* are, to a degree, recognised, when their sayings and doings, personal appearance, and dress furnish gossip, not only for the younger, but even for the elder members of the community, so surely will the ephemeral novelists of the day catch the tone, and bearing in mind the lines—

"For palates grown callous almost to disease,
Who peppers the highest is surest to please,"

serve up to their readers highly spiced *réchauffés* of what, according to their ideas, will suit them best.

Like the Athenians in the days of Paul, the cry is ever, "something new." If the book has its run, if it be talked of as "very extraordinary," what matter how carelessly and faultily it be written, it will pay its way, will serve to while away a languid morning hour or two: then, as to its after fate—let it descend, and in its turn give place to Something New. And it *will* descend, cheapened to an almost nominal price, to guide the taste of servant girls, and improve the morals of sentimental milliners.

When we remember the increasing aspiration of the lower towards

the upper classes of society, the imitation of their dress, their manners, and even, as far as possible, their very tastes and phraseology, can we wonder that they should receive gladly a book, which, however untruthful it be to those for whom it was expressly written, gives professedly accurate accounts of the every-day life of the aristocracy. Better, far better, place in their hands the coarse wit and balderdash of a perished age, than those more recent effusions which excuse sin by expediency, and daub over immorality with maudlin and weak sentiment.

Such now is the spread of education, and such the increased desire for books and reading, that, if not for the upper ten thousand, yet for the grades below them, it appears to be doubly necessary that nothing but what is pure, elevating, or at least, harmless, should issue from the offices of our publishers.

Whether the general run of sensation novels have all or any of these requisites, is another question ; but, of a surety, there *does* appear to be room for improvement.

And as the desire for light prose reading among the middle and lower classes progresses, so too does the aptitude for rhyme. The number of smartly-bound, gilt-edged little books of verse which are yearly written and circulated amongst themselves, is very great ; and whatever may be the technical faults of these, to their honour be it said that their moral tone is invariably high and immaculate.

Amongst our educated verse writers, the most prevalent fault is certainly a too great tendency to copy the early peculiarities of Mr. Tennyson. Probably no great poet in his own day ever exercised such influence over his contemporaries as the present Laureate. But Mr. Tennyson, admirable as his own works are, is neither a safe or an easy model for men of less genius than himself. Unfortunately it is easy enough to write verse with bright, but incoherent, word-colouring ; to make, by the accent, two syllables of that which in our ordinary language has but one ; to use a peculiar phraseology, and all the exaggerated imagery of the Elizabethan Euphuist : but, inasmuch as the subtlety of thought and delicacy of manipulation are not so easily attainable, these imitations bear the same resemblance to their model, that a vile caricature does to its original. Indeed, Mr. Tennyson himself, in his last work, "The Idylls of the King," has adopted a more Saxon and less ornate diction, with manifest advantage, we think, both for the present generation and the future. For if we look at the writings of our earliest great poet, Chaucer, we shall invariably find the finest passages written in such English as is almost current, or at least, easy of comprehension at the present day ; and in the finest specimens of the lyric which man possesses —The Song of Moses and Miriam, and the Song of Deborah—description and simile are kept entirely subordinate to the leading ideas, and employed to increase and adorn the meaning, not to supersede it. This would appear to be their true office ; and if the definition of poetry, quoted by John Stuart Mill in his essay, "Poetry and its Varieties," be

correct, viz., "Man's thoughts tinged by his feelings," certainly a large proportion of mere word-painting must be an error.

In nowise do we assert that there can be but one school, if we may so style it, of the divine art; on the contrary, "Whosoever writes out truly any human feeling, writes poetry;" but we would humbly and respectfully express our doubts, as to whether confused colouring, incoherent raving, or rhymed twaddle can lay any claim to the title.

SONG.

BY THE REV. G. E. MAUNSELL.

Oh, hadst thou known in earlier days
How dear I prized thy smile,
Or could'st thou know how thoughts of thee
My memory yet beguile,

Perchance e'en thou hadst kindlier looked,
Nor careless passed me by,
As one amidst the many there
Unworthy of thine eye.

Cease, cease, vain thought! what had I *then*,
Still more, what have I *now*,
That woman's favouring glance should beam
On this too homely brow?

Lay rather up, mine heart, those words,
Whose truth I learned so soon;
"The calm moon looks on many a flower,
They, only on one moon."*

* Persian proverb.

CHIEFLY ABOUT THE PAST.

SUGGESTIVE THOUGHTS AND PICTURES.

BY JOSEPH HATTON.

"WHAT would we not give for one year's real life in the past, with all its cares and sorrows, its false 'friendships,' its tears and its troubles, so that its joyous moments, verdant spots in the desert, still lent their charms to existence." Thus much we have said before, and published the sentiment. Is it unbecoming, inglorious, *infra dignitatem*, to quote our own book? If it is, we sin in company with our betters, and may be forgiven for the sake of the great ones. We picked the extract up the other day, at a book-stall, wrapped round the covers of that charming story, *Undine*. There was a shocking murder, an account of a fashionable marriage, a Parisian *On Dit*, a bit of poetry by Mr. Lewis, and the quotation we reproduce from our own pen, all engaged in protecting the enchanting narrative of the water sprite; and a thing of the past, about the past, we set down the stray extract as a sort of text for this paper. For our opinions have slightly altered since we wrote those few grandiloquent words. We find as we grow older (and wiser let us hope) that, like everybody else, we are apt to look back with an amount of pleasure not in reality warranted by that which we contemplate. Our doings in the past are gilded with an undeserved brilliancy, arising from our being unable to re-enact what has happened. With this is mixed up a half-pleasant, half-painful consciousness that in our past there were days of peace and innocence only known in childhood. Thus we look back for pleasures in memory, sanctifying the past by recalling its happy days, forgetting its intervals of trouble and anxiety. We are all apt to look back over a landscape of verdant valleys and sunny meadows, without remembering the storms which have desolated them. Our early love, our disinterested attachments, our yearnings to be benefactors to mankind when we should enter the lists of the world's battle, our true and noble friendships, are all remembered in our lookings-back; but we too often forget our first step downward, the backsliding and evil speaking that came on gradually with our world-growth. In truth we look down the long vista of years and see only the flowers which Time has left there.

What wonderful stories are those of our past lives from childhood upwards. Even yours and ours have been as eventful, in their way, as that of the hero we see depicted in some domestic drama. And what romances the life-stories that many of us remember would make, truly narrated. Even the common-places of the lives of the simplest and quietest amongst us would be sufficient to prove the verity of the Shakespearian maxim about truth being stranger than fiction. Our childish fancies, our school

days, our going out into the great world and our first impressions of its wonders, our fallings in love, our marrying, and the coming to have children of our own to repeat, as it were, our own individual histories. Every stage of our lives is a romance ; very day has its triumphs and defeats, its comedies and tragedies. And look at the background we have for our life-pictures, the accessories, the shading, the wealth of incident, the materials for reverie and moralising. Watch for ten minutes the ebb and flow of one of the busy arteries that keep up the beating of a big town's pulse.

Where do they all go to, where come from—the people continually going up and down the street? Shall we ever stand under this gas-lighted archway again, and see the same men and women and children going by? Never! In a few moments the sight will be one of the past. Never again will the same forms flit by in company. There is sadness in the thought. Some of them may die this very night. There is a fearful probability about that. And yet there they go, one after another, like shadows in a dream. Old men who have discovered the truth of the preacher's summing up of life ; young men looking onwards into the future ; women with neither a past nor a future that they care to contemplate ; all wrapped up in their own histories, all with their own individual feelings, and hopes, and fears, and sorrows ; all with their own particular gifts, predilections, and peculiarities. There is the vain man, for instance. You may know him by his pompous gait, the head erect, the chest thrown forward, the arms in full play. The centre of the pavement is evidently his particular property, inherited from a race of conceited progenitors. In singular contrast comes the modest man, in whose cranium a phrenologist would tell you that self-esteem, combativeness, and destructiveness are all much too small, and that his retiring, nervous, and excessively milk-and-water character is the result of these and other deficient developments. The cause of his extreme meekness, however, we will not discuss ; but watch him as he wends his way down the street. He submits to be pushed about by everybody. He claims neither the wall side, nor yet adheres to the curbstone. Now he is in the middle of the pavement, now in the road ; and whilst the vain man is evidently looking for a comet or some other celestial phenomenon, the modest man is looking carefully at the paving stones. Better than either of these two is that man, yonder, who looks neither too high nor too low, who is modest yet bold, unassuming yet determined, who claims neither side of the footway, but takes that which is most accessible. The fop is a conspicuous character by gaslight. Affecting a jaunty air and a cigar, he pays no attention to the shop windows, because he cannot there see his shadow as he passes, and because he has a score of fascinating glances to scatter about amongst the shop girls just released from their counters and their customers. Then come the mechanic and his wife, off to some place of amusement ; men returning from work ; ambitious juveniles, “doing their first weeds ;” policemen

taking an interest in fat girls sent to post letters or fetch books from the library ; boys singing the chorus of some popular song ; women shambling along with feet very near the paving stones, and women, in all the tawdry finery of modern fashion, with feigned smiles on their painted faces. How fast they come and go, how fast they are gone for ever—Modest Man, Vain Man, Policeman, Fop, Workman, Shop Girl !

Look at the face of yon over-dressed female coming up the street. Is there no story of woe and degradation there ? Look back to some little child you knew years ago, trace her upwards into womanhood, think of the motherly solicitude and paternal love which have been bestowed upon child, girl, and, perhaps, woman. Then picture a home in some country place with a blank by the fireside ; then look at the face of the woman we pointed out to you, as the light of the gas-lamp falls upon the florid cheek and the sunken eye ; then cast your eye towards the slipshod, shrivelled outcast, trembling with cold, palsied with drink ; then when you go home turn to your newspaper, read the inquest on "another body found in the river," and you will probably see the future of her, who passes the gas-lamp again long after you have turned down a page in your thoughts, with the annotation—

"One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate
Gone to her death."

It is the old, old story. First a happy home, then poverty and neglect, then temptation and sin, then suicide—a despairing shriek, a fatal plunge, a few ripples on the water, and then the river flows on again and reflects the undisturbed image of the moon. After covering it up secretly for days, and rolling smoothly over the spot—as though the upturned face, at the bottom, lived—the river at last yields up the dead one. And now where are the friends of her youth ? for there is a poor fragile form, with soiled clothes, and hair all wet and limp in yonder stable ; and the verdict is "Found Drowned."

For those who have suffered serious misfortunes and crosses in life there is something consoling in that philosophy of Fate in which the first Napoleon was so firm a believer. "Fear not, the bullet is not yet cast that is to kill me." Could the great General have unveiled the Isis of Fate, before he first crossed the Alps he would not have indulged in so much grandiloquence about the fulfilment of a destiny so sadly over-estimated. But it must have been a strong aid in the hour of danger this notion of fatality. In the same way it is even a source of comfort to those who have fallen from the right path, to lay their misfortunes and misery to Fate. And there does indeed seem to be a destiny shaping our ends. It may almost be said that we encounter and brush shoulders with the Despot in the very street. But too often, when this mysterious power is believed in, it is not accorded what should be its real due.

Many of us, for instance, have taken wrong paths in life. Some of us can look back to a time when we know we committed an egregious error in selecting a particular route when several other roads lay open before us. That was Fate. What would it have been had the right road been selected? Our own shrewdness and foresight, of course. How we hug ourselves with the consolatory thought that we could not help the error, and how self-satisfied we all are with our own cleverness if we have hit upon the right path. If you could but have seen what pains and penalties some of the turnings on life's highway led to when you stood hesitating on the threshold of the future—then you might, you no doubt think, have come to feel literally what the writer felt when he penned the words which open this article. If upon a certain memorable occasion you had but turned to the right instead of the left, how different might have been your lot. Oh! these *ifs* and *might have beens*!

There are some men who appear to fall accidentally into the right path, as if to prove the doctrine of Predestination. Their lives seem strongly to exhibit the work of a Special Providence, as if they were led on into a particular channel and devoted to a special purpose without their own control. We believe in—Stay! whither are we drifting? Not into theology. We are not called upon to rehearse the articles of our belief, and enough has been said about *Essays and Reviews*—even if we had sufficient ability to add anything to the controversy. Moreover, our purpose is to suggest thoughts in others, rather than to enter upon controversial reasons for particular occurrences, in the hope not only of entertaining our readers with our own poor ideas, but of touching some kindred chord of memory and imagination which may be the key to many a thought and picture not set down in this paper.

“Lull'd in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are link'd by many a hidden chain;
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies.”

As to these turnings in life, then. There are many instances of apparently accidental circumstance, whereby men have profited, and through them, art, science, civilisation. Look at Coleridge. “From eight to fourteen,” he says, “I was a playless dreamer, a *helluo librorum*, my appetite for which was indulged by a singular incident; a stranger, who was struck by my conversation, made me free of a circulating library in King Street, Cheapside.” Gilman makes quite an interesting story out of this incident which well illustrates our previous remarks.

“Going down the Strand in one of his day-dreams, fancying himself swimming the Hellespont, thrusting his hands before him as in the act of swimming, one hand came in contact with a gentleman's pocket. The gentleman seized Coleridge's hand, and turning round, looked at him with some anger, exclaiming, ‘What so young and so wicked!’—at the same time accusing him of an attempt to pick his pocket. The frightened boy sobbed out his denial of the intention, and explained to him how

he thought himself Leander trying to swim the Hellespont. The gentleman was so struck and delighted with the novelty of the thing, and the simplicity and intelligence of the boy, that he subscribed, as before stated, to the library; in consequence of which, Coleridge was further enabled to indulge his love of reading."

There is a story told of an early period in Longfellow's brilliant but socially unfortunate career. It is extracted from a Dublin newspaper and is enshrined in some work of literary anecdote from which we have seen it quoted, and as it relates to a lady who, we believe, has only recently died, under most painful circumstances, the anecdote has a fresh yet painful interest.

About the year 1837, being engaged in making the tour of Europe, Longfellow selected Heidelberg for a permanent winter residence. There his wife was attacked with an illness which ultimately proved fatal. Some time afterwards there came to the same place a young lady possessing great personal attractions. Longfellow soon fell in love with her (how susceptible these poets are!); but the damsel being only sixteen did not reciprocate the attachment, and Longfellow went home to America leaving behind him a buried wife, and "a charming woman" who would not consent to fill the void thus created. The young lady herself was an American, and happened to return home about the same time as the poet, which enabled Longfellow to renew his suit; but he was again rejected. He did not, however, sink under the blow, or devote himself to eyebrow sonnets and laments, but resolved to write a book which should make him famous and win for him at least the high respect of the object of his deep affection. He had already published "*Coplas de Manrique*," a poem translated from the Spanish, and we believe his "*Outre-mer*," a prose work about Southern Europe. His first effort, after returning from his winter residence, ended in the production of "*Hyperion*." As far as fame goes, we all know the result of this publication. But the author's success was twofold—he married the beauty of Heidelberg.

On looking back into our past lives there are few of us who can trace (not caring to do so, perhaps, in many instances, if we could) the formation of habits which have grown upon us with the strength that makes prisoners, after long periods of confinement, prefer their narrow cells to the broad earth with all its ever-varying beauties. If you have not found it out before we may tell you here that this was intended to be a rambling paper—that we meant to ramble from one subject to another—and further, that when we have said a few words about habits we will cease our preaching for this month, at least. "A good thing had you stopped before," some of our readers may say. Well, perhaps they are right. We will finish, nevertheless, if you please, in our own way.

We cannot help thinking, now, that it would be good for all of us if we endeavoured to trace back, to their origin, habits that are objectionable; for there is perhaps not one of us who is not engaged, at the present

moment, in forging new chains wherewith to enthrall ourselves, and it is only by analyzing the past that we can guard against errors in the future. Some of the habits contracted in the past are very dear to us, and how difficult they are to unlearn, whether they be right or wrong. Jeremy Bentham beautifully likens the growth of habit unto flakes of snow. As the white particles fall upon each other unperceived, as it were, and gather together, so are our habits. "No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character: but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue."

Sometimes singularly ludicrous habits are acquired. There are barristers who cannot address a jury without perpetually throwing back their gowns; public speakers who can say nothing unless they finger their watch-chains; authors who can only write in their slippers; people who cannot help thinking of absurd things when they should be exceedingly serious. If trivial habits like these cling so hard and fast, how difficult must it be to cast off vicious habits which have ministered to sensual and debased appetites, grown callous by the weight of iniquity. Some of us have been in the habit of keeping diaries. If we only made these records true indices to our thoughts and feelings, what a blessed habit would that writing in our diaries become! But the worst of it is, few, very few of us, care to meet our follies face to face. We rather prefer glossing them over, and passing them by, and shutting them up in the "halls and galleries of memory." It would be a good habit to confront them and ourselves generally every night in our diaries. For it has been well said that every man has within himself a continent of undiscovered character, and that happy is he who acts the Columbus to his own soul.

There are habits the acquirement of which may be looked back upon with unalloyed pleasure. The habit of prayer, for instance. Now we do not mean this in any canting spirit. We do not mean the formal habit of reading prayers, the perpetually upturned eyes and muttering lips; but the habit, learnt in childhood, of kneeling down after the toils and troubles of the day, and seeking consolation and relief in communing with a Power above us. When we really do pray, what an inestimable blessing does that habit of kneeling by our bedside at night become. We do not, however, always pray when we go down upon our knees. It is apt sometimes to become very much like a matter of form. But when the pent-up soul, as if it sought to free itself from its bodily fetters, expands with its own innate power, as though it longed to penetrate the mystery of the infinite; when the mind feels that it has need of some touch of comfort, beyond the art of man, what a sunny mist seems to beautify the habit that grew with the little child and made the man permit no day to pass without a prayer.

THE CHAMOIS HUNTER OF THE ALPS.

BY W. E. U

"From heights brows'd by the bounding Bouquetin."—CAMPBELL

SOME distance beyond the isolated pillar of rock under the Grütli, which bears, in colossal gilt letters, the never-dying name of Frederick Schiller, the author of "Wilhelm Tell"—Switzerland, less happy than Scotland, has no great poet of her own to commemorate the deeds of her past heroes—beyond this rock, and nearly opposite the patriot's tiny chapel, a very narrow valley, enclosed on the side of Uri by the iron precipices of the ice-roofed Uri-Rothstock, opens out into the most beautiful of lakes—the lake of the "Four Forest" Cantons ;* this is the Isenthal, inhabited by a hardy race of mountaineers, noted for the brave resistance offered by them to the French at the close of the last century. In this valley may be found one of the best specimens of the genuine chamois hunter, a man to whom the following words of Manfred might be happily applied :

"A peasant of the Alps,
Thy humble virtues, hospitable home,
And spirit patient, proud, and free ;
Thy self-respect grafted on innocent thoughts ;
Thy days of health, and nights of sleep ; thy toils,
By danger dignified, yet guiltless."

Charles Joseph Imfanger, one of three stalwart brothers, labours industriously, for at least nine months of the year, at the trade of a carpenter, and supports a wife and family ; his habits are sober and frugal. When, however, the season of chamois hunting commences, he forgets, for a time, wife and children, his home and his trade : the first morning of the season, he is up many hours before daybreak ; while the gigantic shadows of the mountains are still slumbering on this lake of freedom, he sallies forth with his fur cap tied over his ears, his provision sack of chamois skin on his back, his rifle and telescope slung over his shoulder, and his axe or alpenstock in his hand ; ere the sun takes the place of the moon, he is many thousand feet above his hamlet, eagerly searching his game or perhaps following it over break-neck ground, little caring where the pursuit may end.

After two or three days' absence, he may return to his cottage with one or perhaps two chamois on his back : after a single night's rest, he is off again to the highest rocks, and may not re-appear amongst his

* Called also, the Lake of Lucerne, or the Lake of the Quatres Cantons.

family for a week or ten days ; but he rarely comes back empty-handed. Imfanger was early initiated into the sport by his father, and while only a lad in his teens, he knocked over a couple of chamois in splendid style, within the space of five minutes, while crouching behind a bush on the face of the precipice ; he is an excellent and staunch guide, well acquainted with all the mountains and passes of Uri and Unterwalden.

David Zwickey, of Canton Glarus, was one of the very few chamois hunters who found this sport a profitable one ; he was, however, a hunter of every sort of game, and made the chase his profession : at his death he had realized several thousand francs, or perhaps some two or three hundred pounds sterling. Sober and temperate to excess, he possessed an iron constitution with bones and muscles which defied fatigue ; he was ever on the mountain side, by day and by night, in fair weather and in foul ; he was more intimate with the narrow paths and rocky retreats of the chamois over a considerable range of mountain, than with the corners and alleys of his native town. Alone and undaunted, he has tracked his game along *couloirs* and up *cheminées* and over the face of crags where never man had dared to tread before. Often surprised by fogs at the greatest heights and in the most perilous situations, his prudence, activity, and endurance had hitherto always brought him safe down into the valley, where his friends, confident in his experience and resources, had ceased to fear any danger on his account. At last, however, he went forth from his cottage to return no more. It had always been the invariable custom of Zwickey to be present at Divine Service on the Sabbath ; and when his family found him absent for the first time on Sunday morning, they felt certain that something must have befallen him. Search was immediately made for him, but in vain. It was not until eight or nine months afterwards, that a skeleton was found which was identified to be Zwickey's : it was discovered in a sitting posture, with a rifle lying on the ground beside it, below the rocky crest of one of the loftiest mountains of the district ; the head was resting upon the hand, a handkerchief was bound round one foot, although none of the bones were broken. It was supposed, that the poor fellow had had a fall which effectually lamed him, and that he had dragged himself with difficulty to the spot, where he died of cold and hunger, for the purpose of sheltering himself from a succession of threatening storms.

Owing to the encroachments of man throughout the higher regions of vegetation, the chamois is yearly becoming more rare in Switzerland. The mountains of the Tyrol are less lofty, and, with the exception of the vast masses of the Ortler Spitze and Gross Glockner, less enveloped in snow and ice—inhabited by a less adventurous race of people, who do not, like the Swiss, endeavour to turn every acre of land at thousands of feet above the sea to some account—and offer better sport, at far less risk, to the chamois hunter.

The Tyrolese Gems Jägers are said to be better shots, though less daring mountaineers than their brother Chasseurs of the Alps. On the

latter mountains, the chamois seldom descend below the limits of vegetation, in summer and autumn—excepting, at certain hours, for the purpose of feeding—retiring for safety to almost inaccessible rocks and ridges. They are often found lying upon large *plateaux* of snow, which they seem very partial to ; but it is necessary to follow them up to their haunts, or to lie in wait for them—lurking for many hours behind some fragment of rock to fire upon them, *en passant*—or to meet them suddenly at the very muzzle of the rifle, as they pass along some narrow ledge. Chamois hunters more frequently go out in parties of from four to six, two or more of their number commence by driving the chamois before the wind—for the sense of smelling of the animal is very acute, almost incredibly so—to a certain point in the mountains ; this generally occupies many hours. In the meantime, the others of the party, both from their knowledge of the chamois and of the localities and paths they frequent, are often enabled, by going round in an opposite direction, to kill one or more of their game. This is, I fancy, the most successful and the least dangerous mode of hunting the chamois : yet it is very dangerous, notwithstanding ; for it was in driving a small herd of these animals towards some comrades, that a celebrated hunter of Glarus, whose name has at present escaped my recollection, slipped, while traversing the narrowest parapet of rock, and fell fully a thousand feet down one of those frightful wall-like precipices of the Glärnisch which rise from, and are again reflected in, the lovely little lake of the Klönsee in the Klonthal, which attracts so much admiration from travellers passing the Prigel between Glarus and Brunen, or Schwytz. In like manner also, was Johann, the elder brother of Ulrich and Christian Lauener of Lauterbrunnen, the well known Oberland guides, killed, in tumbling, perhaps two thousand feet, over a *paroi* of rocks on the side of the Yungfrau ; which, once viewed from Mürren and the adjacent mountains, will never be forgotten for their vastness and sublimity, save by the most insensate minds. Although a man, like his brothers, of almost gigantic proportions, the body of poor Johann was literally smashed to atoms, and all that could be collected of them after the fall “might,” to use the homely words of Ulrich, “have been tied up in a pocket handkerchief !” Not more than two years ago, one of the Bohrens of Grindelwald was overwhelmed by an avalanche from the steep snowy sides of the Viescherhorn, while imprudently wandering over the glaciers in search of chamois ; nothing was recovered of him, but a portion of his brain !

The lonely chasseur, of course, runs double risks, and to be successful, great must be his courage and patience, as well as his experience of the habits of the chamois ; he must, besides, possess almost herculean strength and endurance. He must carry a supply of food with him, which—as he may be out of reach of cot or chalet for two or three entire days—he is obliged to economise, while his strength is subjected to the severest tests. He is also laden with his rifle, ammunition, telescope—a very necessary encumbrance for a chamois hunter—and last not least, his

mountain stick, which is generally about four feet long, and furnished with a small hatchet and pick at one end, and a straight spike or pointed ferrule at the other; an instrument quite indispensable in enabling him to pass these dangerous *couloirs* of frozen snow, so often met with on rocky precipices, as well as to cross sloping glaciers.

Storms, but more especially dense fogs, and mists of every sort and kind, rise quickly among the mountains, and he may find himself surprised by such, while on a dangerous ridge or on the narrow shaley banks which slope down to the border of almost unfathomable ravines, where the rotten *débris* is giving way, or rolling in loose heaps beneath his feet: he may be also in greater danger from avalanches of ice, stones, or fresh powdery snow, which he cannot see to avoid. Moreover, we hear of chasseurs being attacked when in comparatively helpless situations by the Lämmergayer*—while cutting steps, for instance, on a steep ice-slope; when ascending, hand over hand, an almost precipitous bank of snow; or when crawling along a ledge, or clinging to the rock. Hunters have been known, when following their game alone among the higher Alps, to perform the most extraordinary feats of strength and audacity. Herr Imsang the well-known *Curé* of Saas, related to me an instance, of a chasseur of his acquaintance, who once found himself separated from a chamois, he had shot, by a perpendicular buttress of rock, which divided the steep slope of mountain covered with schistose shale, upon which he stood, from that down which the wounded chamois was rolling. His decision was soon taken; observing that the rock had a groove or cleft running nearly horizontally across it, he slung his rifle over his shoulder, and passed the rock—about fifty feet broad—by moving his hands along the cleft as one would pass along a “horizontal bar” in a gymnasium, but with his legs dangling over a precipice of some hundred feet below him. Thus he gained his chamois, and descended the mountain, beyond the rock, in safety. It is not usual for hunters to pursue their sport alone; and there is little, in a pecuniary sense of the word, to repay them for the dangers and fatigues they undergo in so doing.

The value of a chamois varies only from 12 to 24 francs; the flesh being worth perhaps from 60 to 75 centimes—6d. to 7½d. per pound; the horns, 2 francs; and the skin, from 6 to 8 francs.† The Helvetic mind is, I should imagine, little imbued with romance, Swiss men are not largely gifted with poetic sensibility, nor do I think that they revel much in the beauties of nature; yet the true chamois hunter, worships the sport, and will allow no good fortune to tempt him to forego it, with all its dangers. Those men who go forth single handed, frequenting the solitary haunts and the dizzy bye-ways of the chamois, may do so from other reasons than from mere love of the chase; one may have a Xantippe for a wife, or a couple of Cretins in his family, objects for whom love is heavily alloyed with pain; another may be a misanthrope, a surly,

* Lämmergayer—eagle of the Alps.

† Bucks have been shot, though very rarely, weighing 120 lbs.

unsocial fellow ; while a third may be one of those morbid natures whose melancholy qualms find only in danger and strong excitement the necessary tonic and restorative ; and so forth. Many who are not chamois hunters have experienced a peculiar satisfaction—distinct in itself from any genuine love of nature—at finding themselves, while far above the clouds and impure atmosphere that shroud the grovelling pleasures and vulgar cares of the lower world, in a solitary position where personal safety depends upon the command they possess over their own nerves, a strong head with a firm hand and foot ; in short, where there is no mortal eye to witness the false step which may lead them to instant death, or no friendly grasp to save. I can very well conceive what Professor Tyndall must have felt when he recovered the ice-axe which had accidentally fallen from his hand after he had accomplished his wonderful and almost incredible ascent of Monte Rosa without a guide, and when the thought shot through his mind, that he was, in all human probability, the only individual who had ever stood alone on that wild and lofty peak, rising, above almost interminable slopes of ice and snow, and peering into the cold cerulean void. Those alone who have made the ascent of this mountain, which is only about 500 feet lower than the monarch of the Alps, but of more difficult and dangerous access towards the summit, can realize the boldness of the gallant professor's unexampled feat.* Excelsior !—it is natural to wish to climb ; ever upwards ! When Mademoiselle D'Angeville found herself upon the summit of Mont Blanc, she insisted that the guides should hoist her on their shoulders, in order that she might be higher than every one else.

To return to the chamois hunter. Most of the first-rate guides are, or have been, chasseurs, especially those belonging to the Oberland of Berne, the Valais, and some of the German Cantons ; such men, for example, as the Laueners, Melchior Anderegg, Bohren, Almen, Christian, and Ballay. Melchior Anderegg is not only a great chamois hunter, but a formidable wrestler : he is indeed a *multum in parvo* ; he is invaluable as a guide, for he ascends and descends the most awkward looking places with a readiness and *sang froid* which gives every one confidence, and whenever any unusual danger is to be met, his good-humoured black eyes light up immediately. Few chasseurs encourage their sons to become such. I recollect hearing of one, who died two or three years ago, from a cold caught upon the glacier of the Diablerets, sending for his son and making him promise him, on his death-bed, that he would abjure so dangerous and so unprofitable an amusement. Chamois hunters are very tenacious of their rights and very jealous of their game ; 20 francs is the sum which must be paid to the Government for shooting chamois ; but a single licence extends only over a prescribed district of mountain, to which the chasseur is legally bound to confine his sport.

Tscudi recites, in relation to this, a curious incident, reported to have

* It must of course be understood that Professor Tyndall had accomplished the ascent of Monte Rosa, with a guide, on a former occasion.

happened many years back, which, it appears, was near having a very tragic termination. Two young men from the Valais, followed a chamois beyond the boundary which separates that Canton from Savoy and fired at it, wounding it slightly; another shot was presently heard, and looking down the mountain side, our two friends observed their chamois lying dead, and another chasseur preparing to carry it away: they ran towards the spot, calling out to their rival to leave the animal to them; this he merely answered by walking off with it on his back. The Valasians, considering they had the greatest right to the chamois, in having followed it up from their own ground and wounded it in the first instance, now determined to take the law into their own hands, and presenting their rifles at the Savoyard swore by the Virgin, that they would shoot him if he hesitated to drop the chamois; he, on his part, considered himself the injured one, but having no more ammunition with him, and being therefore unable to defend himself, he was forced to relinquish the chamois, which he did very reluctantly. Full of thoughts of revenge, he descended the mountain to a cottage, where he loaded his weapon and replenished his ammunition pouch; he then retraced his steps up the mountain; after some hours walking, he gained the summit of the chain, and descended upon the Swiss side. He knew the chalet where the two Valasians would probably pass the night, for it was now dark, and hastened there accordingly: approaching cautiously, he saw them both sitting, perfectly unsuspecting of danger, before the blazing pine fire, with the dead chamois beside them. After getting them in a line, he placed the muzzle of his rifle noiselessly through a chink in the beams, of which the chalet was constructed; with his finger on the trigger he now took deliberate aim, but just as he was preparing to pull, the full moral consequences of such an act as that he was about to commit at once rushed in upon his mind, for he was a steadfast Roman Catholic, and like most Savoyards, very superstitious. He may have been, moreover, a man of generous impulses; he found his two enemies in his power, and the feeling of revenge passed away; at any rate, he walked into the chalet, told the chasseurs what he had intended to have done, and how his hand had been suddenly withheld. They immediately agreed to halve the chamois with him; he was satisfied; and the three sat down quietly, to smoke the "pipe of peace" together.

The Grisons or Graubünden might be considered the last great stronghold of the chamois; in this Canton alone, there are forty mountain summits over 10,000 feet in height. Colani, perhaps the greatest of Swiss chamois hunters, shot nearly three thousand of them during his lifetime, and was very jealous of others shooting over what he considered his own hunting grounds on the Bernina. He was once bribed by two gentlemen of the country, one of them a representative of the ancient family of La Planta, both amateurs of the first class, to show them good sport; which he did with a vengeance, by leading them a sort of "follow my leader" chase over the most frightful, nay almost impassable ground, in order to

disgust them with the sport and the country, which he considered no one had a right to but himself. He was a man feared by his neighbours, who dared not offend him. He had some tame chamois which were in the habit of feeding within an old woman's enclosure at Pontresina; the old lady did not approve of such habits on the part of the chamois and she poisoned them. Colani used often to allude to this circumstance, and always finished up by saying, with a curious expression in his dark, sinister looking eye, "But the old girl did not live long after that, herself!" He was an unequalled rifle shot, frequently knocking a very short stick out of a man's hand, with a bullet, at 120 yards. He died about five and twenty years ago, while on the sunny side of fifty, from fatigue, or the effects of it. He once extricated himself by his coolness and activity from a very deep *crevasse* into which he had fallen, while crossing some of the glaciers of the great Bernina chain. He was a shrewd, intelligent fellow, and conversed almost as fluently, in German, French, and Italian, as in Romansch, the language of the Canton, which, strange to say, has neither dictionary nor grammar, although two weekly papers are printed in the language!

Not very long after Colani's death, the chamois on the Bernina became poached, or more strictly speaking, hunted by numerous chasseurs; the Tyrolese broke in upon them from the direction of the Stelvio; and the consequence was that they became scarce here, as elsewhere: they are now to be found chiefly on the Bernese Alps; the Clariden, the eastern extremity of the great Penine chain; and I believe also, they are not uncommonly found in the neighbourhood of the great St. Bernard, being driven there from the Piedmontese mountains, by the hunting parties of King Victor Emmanuel, who frighten away much more game than they kill, so at least say the chasseurs of the Val D'Entremont. Chamois are not often now found in large herds, although I once saw, from the summit of the Dent de Morcles of Bex, ten or twelve of them together, dotting the snow, like black beads. Instinct seems to tell them, whether you carry a rifle or have it in your power to do them any harm. After rounding a rock on the Kandersteg side of the Furke Pass,* I saw a large chamois within a hundred paces of me: I levelled my stick at him, but he never stirred; and thus we stood staring at one another for five minutes, but as soon as I began to move towards him, he scampered like an antelope up the snow-slope, which lies between the Furke and the small glacier of the Gspaltenhorn, and was almost immediately out of sight. Near the summit of the Niesen, a pyramidal mountain, as seen from the lake of Thun, but which is below the line of eternal snow, and separated from the glaciers of the Bernese chain by the broad valley of Frutigen and many miles of forest and pasturage, I was astonished to observe an animal coming up the mountain, in long lopping strides, behind me; he pulled up at about one hundred and twenty paces below the spot on which I stood, looked towards me and then disappeared over the face, of

* Pass of the Furke and Dündengrat between Lauterbrünnen and Kandersteg.

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what seemed to me, very like a precipice impassable to man or beast. Chamois when hard pressed have been known to jump down forty or more feet on to the apex of a rock, which offers, perhaps, little more space for them to land upon than the dimensions of the clenched human hand; and when driven into a corner, they have even sprung at their pursuer with the intent of throwing him off his balance. They, however, avoid glaciers of any dangerous inclination; for their feet are not formed to make an impression on the surface of the ice. In winter, they descend to the forests, both for food and for shelter; on high narrow ridges exposed to the wind, they scrape up the snow to get at the grass beneath it, seldom covered beyond a few inches; they do the same on the rocks, where in certain spots, a moss called "chamois-grass"* grows higher than almost any other kind of vegetation. The Bouquetin is becoming still more rare than the chamois, and, I believe, is hardly ever found but on the Italian side of Monte Rosa. Some Swiss naturalists say, that it is a less hardy animal than the ordinary chamois; although larger, it is less tenacious of existence, and is consequently becoming sooner extinct in the Alps.

The accidents which so commonly happen to Alpine chamois hunters and the little they ever realise from the chase, would certainly tend to show, that there is more honour than profit in the sport, and that the chasseur's "hopes of cheerful old age, and a quiet grave," may not be so strong as his good wife might pray for him. Although, on the green turf of some mountain church-yard, "cross and garland, with grandchildren's love for epitaph," may still be his. The chamois hunter's choice, like the Corsair's, would probably be that of a short life and a manly death, in preference to the lot of him whose existence is prolonged in sickness and infirmity.

"Let him who crawls enamoured of decay,
Cling to his couch and sicken years away;
Heave his thick breath, and shake his palsied head;
Our's the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed.
While gasp by gasp he falters forth his soul,
Our's with one pang—one bound—escapes control."

*This herb is called in German "Gemsbrod of the Tyrol."

BELOW THE SURFACE.

BY JOHN PLUMMER.

LONG ere the green leaves of summer had begun to fade, our *blasé* and wearied legislators were hastening in all directions from the cares and fatigues of official life, and with radiant features congratulated each other on their temporary emancipation from the tyranny of office.

One of these pale-featured senators might be seen carelessly lounging on the sun-lit deck of a Rhine steamboat, occasionally casting glances on his blue-eyed feminine fellow-passengers, or fruitlessly consulting *Murray*, in the vain hope of discovering something of interest relating to the region traversed by him. Another would be found sunning himself in the pleasant avenues of Versailles, or joining in a pedestrian tour through the land of Tell, or insanely attempting to scale the inaccessible heights of an Alpine glacier, merely because some one had striven to do the same, and had failed. A third, fired with patriotic ardour, might have been discovered amongst the red-shirted and bronze-complexioned followers of the Man of Aspromonte—the brave and heroic Garibaldi; while a fourth had quietly booked his passage for China and Japan, with the same air of *nonchalance* as if he was merely taking a trip to Ramsgate or Scarborough. But by far the greater number of our legislators preferred the less exciting but more invigorating enjoyments of life in the country.

Excursions, archæological meetings, pic-nics, boating parties, shooting matches, county balls, yeomanry races, volunteer reviews, regattas, and similar affairs aid in filling up the void occasioned by the absence of the excitement peculiar to parliamentary life; and the man must be a very poor manager, who cannot contrive to make something out of his holiday, even if it be only an improved digestive apparatus. Besides, is there not the sporting season, when the stubble fields allow themselves to be invaded by hordes of amateur sportsmen, whose guns generally prove more dangerous to themselves, than to the partridges and rabbits which they have foolishly dreamt of destroying; and is there not a time yet later, when the snow flakes begin to fall, and the shining hoofs of the hunter's steed splinter the green park-railings, as he dashes forward in the hot pursuit of poor unlucky Reynard.

But, alas! for humanity, while a portion of the English people are thus enjoying their well-earned holidays, there are thousands, nay, tens of thousands, who vainly sigh for one day's happy release from the stifling atmosphere of the courts and lanes in which they linger out their miserable existence. Poor things, what raptures they would experience could they inhale for a few brief but blissful hours, the glorious

fresh air of heaven, hearken to the melodious trills of the feathered tribes, and behold the rich green fields, purple-tinted woods, and mist-covered hills of the country ; for these miserable creatures have a sad time of it, as they wander about the reeking localities in which famine, fever, pestilence, and death hold *their* parliament, in grim mockery of that whose eloquence and party warfare shakes the newly raised walls of Westminster. Day after day, these wretched Pariahs of civilized society continue to breathe the deadly poison which emanates from the unclosed sewer, the hidden cess-pool, and the health-destroying manufactory. Instead of the broad grassy plains on which their children might participate in the joyous gambols of infancy, their doorways open out on muddy enclosures blocked up with heaps of refuse, ashpits, or noxious accumulations of decaying matter ; whilst their back-windows command not very inviting prospects of piggeries, cow-sheds, stables, and dilapidated hovels. The miserable and neglected condition of the poorer localities of our large cities and towns is amply testified by the pale and stunted appearance of the infant offspring belonging to the inhabitants of the doomed districts. Shrunk-limbed, ancient-featured, and prematurely old, the wretched children scarcely appear to belong to the human race ; indeed, at first sight, they seem to afford corroborative testimony respecting the truth of Professor Huxley's theories concerning the animal origin of man : but it is not so. They are beings formed in the same mould as ourselves, sharing with us our joys, cares, and sorrows ; and laying claim to the same hopes of future heavenly life, with which we console our hearts in the day of trial.

The pallid cheeks and wasted limbs of the factory operative's child frequently present a curious contrast to the sun-burnt, swarthy appearance of the offspring of the farm labourer, who enjoy the pure breezes that sweep over the daisy-covered fields. Many of the sanitary evils to which the agriculturist is exposed, are counteracted by the nature of his daily occupation, which is principally followed in the open air ; but it is otherwise with the town worker. *He* lives, eats, drinks, works, and sleeps in an atmosphere which is as impure and unhealthy as man can possibly make it ; and which favours the rapid spread of malignant fevers, and assists in the production of a vast amount of preventible disease, ignorance, and crime. Is it surprising that in these places, the House of God should be comparatively deserted, while the beer-shop and the gin-palace are crowded to suffocation ?

But why should such things be ? Surely it was never ordained that these people should always be condemned to this terrible state of things —this horrible death in life ! And yet if we are to believe the "Fourth Report of the Medical Officer of the Privy Council," it would seem that there exists but little hope of these evils being amended in our time.

There yet exist places which have always been, and will continue to be, the scenes of epidemic visitations. The practice of vaccination is neglected, the small-pox is gradually on the increase, and sanitary science

is comparatively unknown where its knowledge is most needed. But it is in the fearful amount of mortality amongst the infant population of the kingdom, that we possess the surest and most direct evidence respecting the existence of an unnatural state of things amongst the operative classes. In our manufacturing towns, the annual number of infants who die is so large, that many undertakers keep a large stock of ready-made coffins on hand, and issue rival circulars to "bereaved parents." It is true that in several agricultural districts, the rate of infant mortality is also very large, but in no case has it approached the death-figures which are maintained in the great centres of our industrial population. Dr. Greenhow, the Government officer, gives a few explanations of the causes which lead to the continuance of this frightful state of things, but there is nothing which was not already well known to all who have come in contact with the class whose physical condition has formed the basis of his investigations. It has long been a matter of notoriety that mothers have left the woollen or the cotton mill, for the purpose of being confined, and that frequently, within a fortnight after the birth of the child, they have returned to their accustomed employment, leaving the poor infants to the tender mercies of children but a few years older than themselves; or drugging them with laudanum, until they withered into premature decay. Nor do we think that the "Birmingham Factory Operative" over-stated the case, when he informed Dr. Greenhow that he believed that ten out of every twelve children born to the married women in a factory, named by him, die within a few months after birth! If this be the case in a period of prosperity, how much more fearful must it be in a time of adversity like the present. It is indeed a sad and disheartening subject; for we fear that until better homes, more opportunities of healthy recreation, and less inducements for wrong-doing are provided for these classes, we shall hear very little of any amelioration being effected in their condition. A little charity and energy in the right direction, and it is little we should hear of muttered discontent, rebellious strikes, pestilential ravages, or a rate of mortality which must appal even the most enthusiastic disciple of Malthus.

IN DREAMS BY NIGHT.

BY S. H. BRADBURY (QUALLON).

I SEE thee, love, in dreams by night,
 When earth is lone and still ;
 When whispers of the green leaves meet,
 The murmurs of the rill.
 Such dreams, my love, give peace to night,
 And sweetness to my rest ;
 As lovely as the hush of stars,
 Seen in the azure west !

In dreams by night I see thee, love,
 And hear thy silvery speech ;
 Thy beauties every day and hour
 The rarest lessons teach.
 I have no joy that I would hold,
 One moment, love, from thee ;
 Then tell me thou wilt one day give,
 Thy hand and heart to me !

My dreams of thee are full of love,
 I look on thee with pride ;
 Behold thee oft with blossoms wreathed,
 A nobly worshipped bride !
 I see Love's blush upon thy face,
 Thy words, what thrilling tones !
 All joys, all hopes, that thou could'st name,
 My heart in secret owns !

Too fleeting are those dreams of love,
 I would that they could last ;
 Like sunshine on a sculptured saint,
 Their light on life is cast.
 Fame has no higher throne than love,
 How bright its dawn appears !
 It lives in gladness and in dreams,
 Dissolves perchance in tears !

OUR "SIX-HUNDRED-THOUSAND."

THE MISSING MEN.

IN the midst of numerous and grave perplexities, a fresh and perhaps unexpected cause of anxiety presses upon the heart of the Empire : and such is its nature that the internecine strife in America, the paralysis of our trade with the States, and, to us the saddest consequence of the war, the sufferings of the Lancashire cotton-spinners, are not able to exclude it from view or to deprive it of interest.

We are suddenly awakened to the fact that in England there are, at the present day, *more women than men*.

Mr. W. R. Greg has told us this in the *National Review* ; and the Rev. John Garrett, Vicar of St. Paul, Penzance, and Commissary of the Bishop of Columbia, repeats the strange story. The latter gentleman, it is true, sets down the redundancy of females at 600,000, while the former gives it as 750,000.

The stern facts of the Census verify the statement ; they prove that in number, the female adult population of England exceeds the male.

This is not as it ought to be ; nor is it in accordance with the natural law which regulates the numerical proportion of the sexes : the weekly returns of the Registrar-General show that the balance is preserved, a slight excess in the births of males serving to maintain the equilibrium which would otherwise be disturbed by the greater mortality among men than women.

The *Times* hesitates to account for a result that startles the political economist, alarms the philanthropist, dismays the heads of families, and affords some pleasant diversion to the privileged jesters of the press. The mystery is, however, easily explained ; so easily that persons have overlooked the solution in seeking for it beyond the threshold ; and before this paper is brought to an end, we hope to arrive at it, in company with the reader.

Accepting the lower estimate, that of the Rev. John Garrett, as perhaps the least liable to dispute and as certainly more than sufficient to justify the gravest uneasiness, we are authorized to conclude the fact *proven*—that, in the year of grace, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, there are in England not fewer than six-hundred-thousand more women than men.

The number of "solitary" or "unprotected" females is formidable ; and after the "phenomenon" has been duly wondered at, after the merriment has subsided and the pleasantries of the small wits and humourists have died out in dulness, two questions remain to be answered :

FIRST: *Where* are the six-hundred-thousand men of whom these six-hundred-thousand women are the mothers, sisters, wives, and daughters?

SECOND: *What* can these six-hundred-thousand women, deprived of their appointed protectors, do for their own support?

We will examine these questions, and endeavour to initiate an inquiry into the true cause of an immense and increasing evil; into the best means of arresting it; and into the expediency of removing the stigma which the unprovided condition of between four and five hundred thousand of our women attaches to the character of our countrymen.

In making this attempt, we anticipate from a portion of the public, surprise, objection, remonstrance; and no inconsiderable amount of flippant railery from the young gentlemen whose beards are still in perspective; and of savage growling from the "potent, grave, and reverend signiors," whose mental and moral development has not kept pace with that of the hirsute ornaments which are, by simple souls, presumed to confer wisdom and beauty on the wearer. Let it be so: it is quite natural that they who feel their toes trodden upon, shall wince, and if they have corns, wax angry; moreover, it is merely just that the impeached shall be permitted to plead in their defence; and that they who fancy their empire invaded, shall resist with tongue, pen, or sword, according to the need. But, of the kind, the generous, and the thoughtful among men, they who feel manly deference and tenderness for the sex, the majority we are persuaded will endorse our views.

We will then assume that our readers recognise the fact that in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, in the reign of our good and gracious Queen Victoria (whom God preserve!) there are in "merrie England" not fewer than six-hundred-thousand more women than men.

To conclude that the whole number are without provision, and what is conventionally termed protection, would be to blunder most palpably. The women among "the upper ten thousand," however isolated, do not need to work that they may live: many noble and wealthy families are blessed with a plurality of daughters, and, be it remarked parenthetically, if the "Seven Matrons of Belgravia" may be regarded as high authority, for too many of these fair expectants, bridegrooms are not forthcoming be the bait never so tempting, the line never so cunningly thrown. Again there are widows whose jointures, and spinsters whose rent-rolls or fragmentary fortunes happily exclude them from the number of their sisters who, failing support from their male relatives or "natural protectors," are compelled to work or starve: yes, that is the alternative; and as we lift up our eyes and, from the windows of our chamber, look forth towards the great city of London, the modern Babylon where all the virtues of the Christian and all the vices of the Pagan may be found; as we mark the millions of lamps that fling the flaring blaze of gas upon her labyrinth of streets, a thought comes over us and we shudder: the

blood rushes to our brow and with a surging heart and a trembling hand we add a darker import to the phrase,—work—OR SIX—OR starve.

From the 600,000 women we will deduct one-third as comprising the *cared-for* or affluent, for whom the want of bread or the need of a *métier* is not in the ordinary course of events to be apprehended : and accepting the remainder as representing those of our Sisters for whom at home—that is on English soil and so far as support is concerned—there is neither father, husband, son, nor brother, we ask with saddened earnestness : Whither are gone the six-hundred-thousand men by whose disappearance these women are thrown on their own scanty, precarious, and miserable resources ?

The statistics of births show no diminution in the number of males born in this country, and the Registrars' weekly returns prove that it almost uniformly exceeds that of females. The deaths of males have not risen above the average ; and, as we have seen, a natural law provides against any preponderance of females arising out of the greater peril to which the life of man is exposed. War and shipwreck, diseases and casualties occurring in the rude and hazardous occupations of the stronger sex, and incidental to the more constant strain upon their mental and physical faculties, do not sensibly disturb the prescribed equilibrium. What then has become of the six-hundred-thousand men, two-thirds of whose female relatives are at this time in England, fighting the battle of life unaided,—struggling, some to resist temptation, many to stave off hunger and starvation—all to live ?

The increasing laxity of morals and the growing distaste for the restraints of marriage among men, have been adverted to as throwing a vast proportion of women upon their own feeble resources by depriving them of the home and protection which marriage was appointed and is presumed to afford to the wife. But we must bear in mind that our six-hundred-thousand are self-dependent, not because of the voluntary celibacy of an equal number of their countrymen, but *because of their being in excess of the whole male population of the kingdom*. Mormonism has few advocates in the country ; and polygamy is not a Christian institute : there are not husbands in England for the six-hundred-thousand, and for two-thirds of the number there is not bread unless they earn it by the sweat of their brows,—at the point of the needle, or by the drudgery of tuition or servitude. May God have mercy upon the souls of those who betray them into purchasing it with the wages of infamy. Again we ask : Where are the men that these women shall be without position, hope or prospect,—without home and food and raiment ? How is it that they are left to be a burthen upon the charity of the world—a peril to themselves and to society—and a suffering evidence of the short-sightedness or selfishness, the heedlessness or cruelty of the sex that arrogates the right of reducing one half of the human race to dependence ?

The answer to these questions is contained in one word. The men have emigrated : wisely or not, the women were left behind. Husbands,

fathers, sons and brothers, are "off to the diggings," to America, New Zealand, Australia, the Cape—anywhere and everywhere—East, West, North, and South—where gold is to be found or money made; and it may be where the habits of civilized life, the claims of family and the precepts of the gospel can be thrown off and forgotten.

In the hot and stifling atmosphere of ultra-refinement; in the iron coils of mindless conventionalisms, men are prone to grow impatient, to long for the *vif* air and the life of the desert,—to envy the Arab in his tent and the Indian in his wigwam.

To thousands of our countrymen, full of health, strength, and animal spirits, but cramped and fettered by the "tight boots" of gentility, the rude license of the miners, the freedom of the "bush" and the "placers" are temptations not to be resisted. The power to be natural, to come and go, speak and act, laugh or be sad—at will and when in the mood,—the liberty to eat, drink, smoke, dress, yawn, and stretch himself,—to get up and lie down, to sleep, snore, dance, sing or whistle—when, where, and in whatever fashion he likes,—are trifles worth something to the stalwart young gentleman who for the last six months has been daily exercised in the "usages" of "*la bonne compagnie*" by his lady-mother and sisters. And gasped for with an unutterable longing, these trifles are eagerly snatched at when the opportunity presents and *the tether breaks*.

Can we wonder that in England, there are too many women and in the new Colonies too many men? Is it difficult to apprehend that both sexes should suffer? thousands of the women withering in solitude, pining in poverty, or flaunting in vice—thousands of the men losing *caste* and character as they grow reckless, callous, ruffianly and corrupt?

Is it good for man to be alone?

Female emigration is on too limited a scale; and in the middle and more educated classes, is most unwisely restrained. In the meantime the exodus of males proceeds with a rapidity that threatens to soon seriously increase the embarrassing excess of the female population at home. In almost every condition of life below the highest, in almost every family, we find the notion prevalent that fortune is to be sought in the Colonies—on the Continent—anywhere but by steady perseverance, integrity and activity, in England. As the father did before him, so the son may not do: he must begin life where the father left off; he cannot—or rather he will not—work his way up to the competence and position, the "*otium cum dignitates*," acquired by his parents: the "bush" and the "diggings" tempt him with the promise of wealth surely and suddenly obtained; and an emigrant's life offers him a free, easy, jovial, rollicking career with "chums" not too particular to maintain intact the code of the drawing-room or the hum-drum decencies of home. He packs up his kit, kisses his mother and goes; so does the poorer man, utterly beside himself with accounts of gold-fields that when reached prove to be stony wildernesses and frozen steppes, feet deep in snow, where he finds toil, hunger, cold, a fever and a grave, far from home and country and the

dear and trusting ones for whose sake, it is more than possible that he went forth a pioneer and a pilgrim.

Emigration, if a sore remedy for some of our social ailments, is not an evil as some thinkers imagine; although undoubtedly, emigration is too readily adopted in a multitude of cases and the depletion of a country is come to be regarded as less fatal than that excessive use of the lancet by which the life's blood of the patient is dangerously diminished. The evil, and it is mighty, consists in the fact that emigration is usually one-sided—that the men go and the women stay,—that the bread-winners leave the bread-eaters to starve on hope, and to look to a "money-letter" for the means of "going-out" or of paying rent and buying food at home. The wages of the husbands, fathers, sons, and brothers are no longer there; and the money-letter comes too late or not at all: illness, death, disappointment, a stone turned up where a "nugget" was predicted,—and shall it be said—forgetfulness of the ties that absence and distance ought but to render more dear and sacred,—lead to the sickness of hope deferred and finally swell the number of the sad and care-stricken women who find themselves left to their own poor wits and frail strength to make their way through the world *as they can*.

In the lugubrious *Macaber* or Dance of Death that arrests the eye of the traveller on the old wooden bridge at Lucerne; in the same strange and awful phantasy that in the *Campo Santo* of Pisa, in the Cemetery of *St. Jacques*, and the *Maison-de-ville* at Bâle, fill the mind with the sombre images of the *Orcagna* and of *Holbein*, men, women and children, rich and poor, are depicted as, in turn, receiving the ghastly visitant who with scythe and hour-glass, stalks into the King's palace, the Knight's castle, the Abbot's cell, the peasant's hut, and, pointing to the sands run out, summons to the grave his terror-stricken host: so in the long and troubled procession of females whose hopes are perhaps doomed to die, if truly we find not the wearers of purple pall nor the owners of broad lands and of laden coffers,—young and old in every stage of woman's life accost us in groups or isolated in the loneliness of their lot: the widow relying upon a son;—the wife, with her little brood, trusting to a husband;—the orphan, in her tender spring, clinging to a brother,—tiny girls prattling of a father,—far away,—far, so far that when they strive to measure that cruel distance of land and sea, the mind of the young grows dizzy—of the old, faint and anguished.

"What are the wild waves saying!" What—ah, *what!* The letter does not come: days, weeks, months creep by, and hope dies out: "they must look to themselves," and work for bread. One sets up a school or goes out as governess, on the strength of a little unorthodox English and a little French of "*Stratford-atte-Bowe*," a little feeble flourishing on the piano, a little scrawling of "chalk heads" and of "pencil landscapes," and a considerable insight into the mysteries of crochet, bead-work, and embroidery. Fortunately for these poor ladies, a governess's diploma is not yet a *sine qua non* in England. Others of our six-hundred-thousand

distrust their educational qualifications and betake themselves to business. In new neighbourhoods rife with unfinished houses, with "Crescents" stopped midway, and "Terraces" suddenly cut short,—in Streets choked with hoardings and scaffolding-poles, with heaps of bricks, lime, sand, and mortar, divided by pools of stagnant water and mounds of rubbish speckled with tufts of sickly grass,—between the butcher's and baker's, the Italian warehouse and green grocer's, a dreary, dusty, dingy looking shop stares out mournfully on the passer-by, seeking a purchaser for Berlin-wools, patterns, canvas, book-markers, mock-jewelry, cheap millinery and faded photographs, fly-stained stationery and a small selection of the Penny periodicals most in favour. The pale and timid owner, has a "brother"—"father"—"son"—"husband"—at the diggings, and the quarter's rent is due and the bread-bill not paid. Her sister in helplessness turns to the woman's implement, the little heart-stabbing poignard, the needle,—slaving for slop-shops, contractors and middle-men, who fatten while she perishes,—for dressmakers that keep her up all night and till the cock crows,—and for managing mothers of large families who charitably employ her by the day, to cut out, make, and mend "the children's dresses," because "poor thing! she's in a fair way of starving and will work for nothing." The humblest of all seeks service, volunteers as charwoman, takes in washing, or establishes a basket of sweets, fruit, fish, or vegetables. The weather is not always kind to her, neither is Sir Robert Carden, neither are the City police; and, if the workhouse or the hospital does not ultimately open its arms to her, a wagon-wheel mercifully crushes her out of life on the curb-stone at the corner of a street,—or a bitter night in January, when the mercury falls below Zero, leaves her a blue and frozen corpse sitting upright in the old wooden chair and by the wretched deal-table on which are the huge oysters, her stock-in-trade, and her tin lanthorn with its swealed-down inch of tallow candle.

Terrible all this and fearfully suggestive: yet there is something worse; something that fills the eyes with sadder pity, that knocks more mournfully upon the heart, that speaks more awfully to the Christian soul: Woman, the last, best work of the Creator, degraded, fallen, lost,—by cold, hunger, wretchedness and despair, hounded into the snares of the tempter.

Of our "six-hundred-thousand" how many are there of whose fate, whose hopes and fears, trials and temptations, struggles and shipwreck, some reflex, more or less accurate, may not be discovered in our pages. Was it kind or manly, wise or well considered in the men to go forth and leave the women and the children behind? Perhaps not: and if as Mr. W. R. Greg leads us to believe the seven hundred and fifty thousand males missing from the population of England are to be found in the colonies, where for every one woman that lands there are two or more men, we can only conclude that the husbands, fathers, sons and brothers of the female compositors, clerks, copyists and shopkeepers, of the teachers, governesses,

sempstresses and poor basket girls, have inadvertently failed to fulfil their most sacred obligation ; and have much to answer for.

A brief reference to facts and figures and a few moment's reflection suffice to show that the six-hundred-thousand more women than men that are returned in the census, do not represent an increase in the birth of females. There is no "phenomenon" to justify surprise and conjecture, perhaps apprehension. The inexorable logic of cause and effect explains the "marvel." *For every one woman who emigrates two or more men leave England to seek their fortunes elsewhere.* We may be permitted to doubt that the benevolent scheme of Miss Maria Rye, is sufficiently comprehensive to restore the lost equilibrium. FAMILY EMIGRATION is the only remedy ; for it strikes at the root of an evil that cannot be too seriously regarded. Our opinion upon this subject is so fully expressed in the following extract from a paper contributed by the writer of this article to one of the London journals, that we consider it a fitting close to this portion of our observations.

"If Emigration could be so organized that families instead of isolated individuals went out in groups, the aged parents with their married children and their grand-children, the Priest with his future parishioners, emigration might be made what it is not—a source of good both immediate and prospective, without the drawback of great and in some cases irreparable evil. It should be carefully borne in mind that men in the world cannot be withdrawn from the purifying and hallowing influences of home, without certain and rapid deterioration of character : the presence of the wife and mother sanctifies the dwelling, and the innocent graces of the child are a charm that make sweet and welcome the gentle restraints, the sacred bondage of married life. As it is the momentous fact is forgotten, and Emigration is a sorrowful and perilous expedient : perilous in the sense which is not generally apprehended—perilous to the soul as to the body.

"One who is—or ought to be—the bread-winner and protector of others, leaves them 'to do better for them' many thousand miles away : suspense, suffering, privation, misery, with too frequently the sickness of hope deferred, are the portion of those who stay behind ; ultimately the home is broken up, the members of the family are scattered ; trouble and temptation follow, in which, to either or both, nature succumbs. To prevent want and wretchedness on the one hand, and demoralization and vice on the other, emigration should be conducted on the Christian principle, which is that of THE FAMILY : if seemingly more complicated and costly in the outset, the material advantages to a colony *so peopled* would compensate one-hundred-fold for the first outlay ; and the moral and religious interests perpetuated by such a mode of building up society in our Colonial possessions, or the American States, ought to more than counterbalance *every possible objection* suggested by mere worldly considerations. 'For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul.'—Mark viii. 36."

If henceforth the wife, as Scripture wills, accompany her husband ; the children, their parents,—if leaning on the stout arm of son and brother, the widow and the orphan-girl go forth to share—and make happy—the home of the emigrant, the surplus will be speedily absorbed ; and in future we shall not have to confront that great and unmitigated evil, *too many women in England—too many men in the Colonies.*

Is FAMILY EMIGRATION a mode of reducing the presumed over-population of England and of peopling her dependencies, less worthy the regard of the statesman, the philosopher, and the philanthropist than that which hitherto pursued has given us our present embarrassing redundancy of female adults ? or is the old fashion to be ever "on the groove ?"

We know where to find our "SIX-HUNDRED-THOUSAND WOMEN : " but "THE MISSING MEN ?"

The statistics of emigration, the anxiety of Colonial Bishops, the appeal of the Rev. John Garrett, and the evidence of Mr. W. R. Greg, direct us to look for them at "THE DIGGINGS" and in "THE BUSH."

E. S. C.

Oct. 1862.

[The second question—*What* can the six-hundred-thousand women deprived of their appointed protectors, do for their own support ? will form the subject of our next paper.]

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

BY JOHN ALFRED LANGFORD.

AUTHOR OF "SHELLEY AND OTHER POEMS," ETC. ETC.

COME mourn with me, all who have hearts to love
 The brave, the tender, and the beautiful :
 Let deepest anguish every feeling move,
 For loss of her whose mighty mind was full
 Of holiest thought ;
 Who nobly wrought
 God's richest treasures for a suffering world to cull.

Come mourn all ye whose pulses ever beat
 To hear of God-like and of glorious deeds ;
 Who feel a joy divine when tongues repeat
 The tale of right triumphant ; when succeeds
 Fair Freedom's cause ;
 When rescued laws
 Make tyrants tremble, like the river-shaken reeds.

Come mourn with me, all who have found delight
 In listening, rapt, to Poesy's sweet song ;
 The voice is hushed whose pæan's magic might
 Thrilled through the world the curse of shameless wrong,
 Whose glorious peal,
 Made Nations feel,
 How God-like 'tis for man, to be both free and strong !

Come mourn with me ! for never, never more
 Shall those pure, passionate utterings be heard,
 That fired us with such hopes, and made us soar
 Till every pulse in unison was stirred,
 And nations rose
 Against their foes,
 The foes of human rights which God Himself conferred.

Come mourn with me the loss of one so gifted,
 Of her whose voice in richest cadences
 Was for the poor and the oppressed uplifted,
 And poured its withering scorn on tyrannies.
 For aye appealing,
 With earnest feeling,
 From men's base laws to the Eternal's just decrees.

Come mourn with me ! we ne'er shall hear again
 Those music-dowered lips, for whose rich song
 Unnumbered hearts have yearned ! No more that strain
 Shall flood-like roll its sweeping torrent strong.
 No more, no more,
 'Bove evil's roar,
 Shall that grand voice resound denouncing sin and wrong.

Come morn with me ye lovers fond and true !
 Who now will sing your tender hopes and fears ?
 Who now will give you words with which to woo ?
 Who now will consecrate your joyous tears ?
 That voice is mute,
 Which like a lute,
 So oft has touched the heart with strains that thrilled it through.

Come mourn with me ye patriots who desire
 The spread of Freedom's glorious empery ;
 For never more in words of scathing fire,
 Will she be heard denouncing tyranny ;
 Nor with acclaim
 Of joy, proclaim
 The victory of truth o'er falsehood's demon sire.

Come mourn with me ye who the muses love ;
 Who bow before their consecrated shrine ;
 For she will sing no more ; nought now can move
 That darling of the Heliconian Nine.
 No lyric song,
 Swift, sweet, and strong ;
 No resonant mighty verse ; no all-entrancing line.

Come mourn with me ! Ours is no common woe.
 Nations should weep whene'er a poet dies.
 Too rarely such a gift does God bestow,
 Too rarely we that gift know how to prize.
 We pay with scorn,
 And oft the thorn,
 Instead of laurel-crown, our loving care supplies.

Our's is no common woe ; no common loss ;
 The Queen of England's matchless singers she.
 She bravely bore the Poet's crown and cross,
 And won through sorrow song's high victory.
 She bore her dower
 Of vatic power
 With man's grand strength, with woman's sweet humility.

Come mourn with me !—And yet she is not dead !
The songs she sung are ours : can never die.
Immortal as the soul that now has fled
To join her peers, the white-robed bands on high.
Her every word
Still strikes a chord
Within our hearts which beats responsive sympathy.

Yet o'er her grave the tears perforce will flow :
The very flowers shed drops of sacred dew.
O loved and honoured was the dust below !
Whence all too soon the soaring spirit flew,
In peace to rest,
On Christ's own breast,
The source whence it on earth such inspirations drew.

She lives ! she lives ! And yet we weep and weep ;
Her soul is with us, yet our hearts are sad.
We loved the flesh and blood, and fain would keep
The human casket, with the wealth it had.
The form and face
We love to trace ;
We love to grasp the hand ; to hear the voice are glad.

And thus our heads are bowed ; our eyes are wet ;
Our grief will not be soothed ; nor calmed our woe.
The glory of her works but swells regret ;
The splendours of her legacy but show
Our loss the more ;
The precious store
She left, reveals how rich the source whence they did flow.

Our rich inheritance from her possessed
But deepens grief ; intensifies our pain.
The heart broods o'er it with a sad unrest,
And fancies what divine unuttered strain
Her ripening powers
Had yet made ours :
What glorious thoughts conceived by her swift teeming brain.

But death our hopes with envious boast has slain.
And sorrow's garb, and sorrow's speech alone
Express the sadness felt. We mourn again
Our loss of joys that never can be known,
Until we meet
In love complete,
Her radiant spirit blest, beside th' Eternal's throne !

CHRISTMAS EVE.
FROM LIFE AFTER THE GERMAN.
BY MRS. SCHENCK.

PART FIRST.

It was Christmas-eve, and Nature had robed herself fittingly in snowy white for the festival. Bright homes were made still brighter by happy hearts and beaming faces; absent loved ones were again enclosed in the dear family circle; friendly greetings met with warm response; and the ideal world of little children had become a delicious reality. In the houses of the wealthy might be seen Christmas-trees of firs, rich with their foliage of living green, illuminated with coloured tapers, glittering with gold and silver sheen, and hung with costly toys and rare fruits and comfits; while on the table were placed articles of embroidery, books, pictures, bon-bons, etc. Even the cottages of the poor were decorated with green firs, gay with ribbons and tinsel, round which a few small wax tapers shed all the glory they could, and on whose branches loving hands had placed gifts and toys for their children, which, God be thanked, conveyed to them at least an equal amount of delight and gratification. By this beautiful and significant custom, which prevails over Germany, children are taught to hail with gladness the birth-day of the child Jesus, associating with Him, all that is cheerful, loving, and kind; believing they receive from Him all these charming gifts, all the happiness of Christmas! When the period of childhood terminates, this illusion is dispelled, only to be succeeded by the more blessed belief that His hand confers yet infinitely more precious and enduring gifts.

The inhabitants of the little village of Philippsthal, about seventy years ago, were not behind in celebrating this general rejoicing, with the exception of the Pastor and his family. In the plain but comfortable parlour of the Pastor's house, there was no Christmas-tree, no sound of mirth, no sign of festivity. There, by the large family table, sat the benign Pastor, his book closed, his pipe pushed from him, and his head leaning on his hand, apparently absorbed in meditation; though ever and anon he cast an affectionate glance towards his dear wife, who, pale and emaciated, and propped with cushions, sat up now for the second time after a long and dangerous illness: round the table four lovely girls interrupted the unusual quiet of the room with their knitting; a handsome, rosy boy poring over his "Robinson Crusoe;" and a pair of golden-

haired twins amusing themselves with their dolls, who evidently had not improved under the wear and tear of domestic life. The good mother with her thin, white hands folded, thinks of the danger she has just escaped, then of her two elder sons, the pride of her heart, who have left the parent nest to try the strength of their wings in the world ; one being tutor to the heir of Baron von Gehren, and the other, having passed his law-examination, had just been received into the house of an eminent lawyer. She had hoped to see them to-day, but felt too thankful for past mercies to repine.

At length the quiet was disturbed by Dora the youngest twin. "Look here," cried she, "Agnes and Marie, look here at my poor doll ; I can no longer show her in this old spencer, can you make me a new one?" Little Emma joined her complaints : "Why have we no gifts to-day? I cannot make anything myself. Ah, if poor mamma had not been so ill, she should certainly have given us something to-day."

The sister quieted the little ones with promises to do something pretty for them, but they had had so many more useful things to attend to recently, that the dolls, if good dolls, could wait a little, and would not complain. And now Paul raised his head from his book and, coming towards his father, said in a choking voice :

"Only wait, I shall write to Julius, that it is too bad of him not to think of me to-day. I am sure he has got many fine things from Guido's papa and mamma ; even Guido has more than a hundred pretty books that he is done with. Oh ! if I only had the loan of one, I would soon return it : this "Robinson" I can almost say by heart. It is too bad. The Holy Christ has this time given us nothing—"

"Hold, dear Paul," interrupted his father ; "there, you are wrong." And tenderly surveying the family circle, he took Paul's hand in his, and drew him towards him, while the handsome boy regarded his father with inquiring eyes : "Do you really mean to say that this time the Holy Christ has given us *nothing*?"

The meaning of this speech and question was felt and understood by all ; and Paul disengaging himself from his father, gently approached his mother and, throwing his arms around her neck, kissed her affectionately, exclaiming : "Good, good darling mother, I know what father means ; the dear God has restored you to us, you are ours again. Ah, I will never all my life seek more from the Holy Christ : you, father, brothers, and sisters, are after all the best Christmas gifts ; how wicked I have been to be so discontented."

The rest heartily followed his example, for each esteemed their mother their greatest treasure ; and the father also tenderly embraced his beloved partner.

"Children" said the Pastor, after a pause, "you may well believe that it is peculiarly painful for me to allow this evening to pass without bringing you any pleasure. It has never occurred before, and it grieves me deeply ; but only think what a year we have had ! four months I was

confined to bed, and had to pay a helper from my small stipend ; then there were the doctor's and apothecary's bills to settle, which absorbed my all ; and we should have been in want had not neighbour Jacob lent me fifty thalers. Yet was the Lord my strength in my weakness, and I recovered. Then followed your dear mother's severe illness, which brought her to the very gates of death, and which caused more expenses to be incurred ; again I was indebted to neighbour Jacob ; and then Max had to pass his examination. A part of my stipend is set aside to liquidate these debts. Ah, children, it has been a hard, hard time, and we will feel its effects yet for some time. But the Almighty will help—yes, He has already helped us, and restored to us your beloved mother—and, please God, the next Christmas will be a merrier one ; at present let us be thankful for what is given us !”

The children answered this appeal with cheerful, hopeful faces, and the mother smiled languidly as she said : “ Let this evening pass without further remark, and let us look forward to a happy Christmas next year.”

“ Not quite,” exclaimed the Pastor, with sudden animation ; “ no, we must not let this evening pass without some little recognition.” And calling Christine, the servant, he gave her a florin, and bade her purchase some Christmas cakes with it ; and Agnes and Marie he told to get ready some coffee.

The weight was now thrown off their spirits, and the conversation became so lively that even mamma was betrayed into a hearty laugh.

Scarcely had Christine arrived with the cakes, when the sound of sledge-bells was heard. The girls ran to the window, but could distinguish nothing for the falling snow. At length, “ Good evening, good evening, can you give us quarters to-night ?” cried two well-known voices from the foot of the stair.

“ Hurrah ! Julius and Max,” exclaimed Paul ; and they all hastened to receive them, except the poor mamma who could not leave her arm-chair.

Julius rapidly related on the stair, that Max had surprised him in the morning and requested him to accompany him home. He had asked the Baron who had graciously acquiesced, and offered them a sledge to convey them. The Baroness also, and her son and daughter, had sent a box packed with presents for them all.

The mother embraced her sons and received their congratulations ; it was a joyful meeting for all.

“ Thank God for this happy evening,” said the Pastor. “ Children, take your seats round the table ; and now let us see the contents of the gracious lady's box.”

The box was placed on the table. “ *Julì, mi fratercule,*” said Paul, anxious to display his Latin to his learned brother, “ come to our help with the key.”

Julius opened the box. “ Here,” said he, placing some bottles on the table, “ is some good wine the Baroness sends to strengthen our mother ;

there, a meerschäum and canaster for you, father, from the Baron, who hopes soon to smoke a pipe with you ; for you, Paul, two illustrated volumes of travels from my pupil Guido ; here, dear sisters, divide among yourselves these gown-pieces and trinkets, which are from my Thek—I mean the Baroness Thekla ;* and take out also the remaining contents of the box, which are famously welcome at Christmas time."

In his turn, Max produced two lovely dolls for the twins, of whose delight it is superfluous to speak, and then threw a warm shawl round the pleased mother. Christine also was not overlooked. By and bye, when the table was spread and tastefully laid out with the various delicacies that had been brought, the Christmas cakes, the coffee, etc., not in Philippsthal—no, not in all Germany—was there a merrier Christmas party than that in Pastor Zülch's house.

In the midst of this innocent festivity, the postman's knock was heard at the door. Christine entered with a heavy letter, for which there was the sum of two shillings to pay. The Pastor took the letter and after examining it, said : "Christine, ask the postman to come in ; and Agnes, my love, give him a warm cup of coffee and some cake : Julius, my son, I wish to speak with you in my room."

Julius followed his father, who with much embarrassment stated that he had not money enough left to pay for this letter. "Do not speak of it, dear father," replied Julius, divining what he would say ; "I am rich to-day, I have received my quarter's salary, and all I have is your's."

The Pastor took from the purse the sum required, and then returned it, though Julius requested he should retain the whole as a token of his filial regard.

"I know the goodness of your heart my son, but in this case must have my own way."

On their return to the parlour, the inquiring looks of the rest were eagerly directed towards them.

"My children," said the Pastor, "your curiosity will soon be gratified, I have no secrets from you." Then proceeding to open the letter, he was about to commence reading it, when he was arrested by another knock at the door ; presently the honest, humorous face of their neighbour, Baker Braun, looked in at the door. "Good evening, a merry Christmas to you all ! I heard my prodigals had arrived, and I—"

"Welcome ! welcome !" shouted a joyous chorus of voices.

"My dear friend," said the Pastor, shaking him cordially with his two hands, "we only needed your beaming countenance to add to our happiness this evening. Oh, how the good mother has been longing to pass a joke with you ! Sit here beside her. I have just received a letter, the contents of which we are all dying to know ; and you also shall be in our confidence, you naughty blue meal-factor," added he, jocularly alluding to the title, the boys had conferred on him, owing to his wear-

* In Germany the sons and daughters of noble families have the same title as their parents.

ing a light blue coat on which a little flour always lingered. Neighbour Braun, as his reception indicated, was an especial favourite at the Manse ; his shrewdness and the sincerity of his character were esteemed by the parents, while the young people were delighted with his flow of humour and the heartiness with which he entered into their sports.

"This letter," resumed the pastor, "is from Sumatra, from my old college friend, Floret, who, as he did not know my address, enclosed it to a mutual friend of ours, the Amtmann, Gervinus, who has forwarded it to me. It is thirty years since I heard of the dear old fellow ; but before reading his letter, it will be better for me to tell you who he is. My parents, as I have often told you, were not over wealthy, yet they contrived to enable me to pursue my studies at the University of Marburg, where I formed a friendship with Floret, as well as with several other students. During one of the vacations, as I could not afford to return home, I remained where I was. One day when I was out, I met Floret's landlord, Mathaei, who approached and informed me that his lodger was dangerously ill, and he feared dying. I was surprised, as I had thought he, as well as the others, had returned to their relations. I hastened, however, to see him. I found him so weak and emaciated that he could scarcely speak. He smiled faintly when he saw me. He then told me he thought he was dying. I endeavoured to calm his fears, and expressed my sincere and tender concern for him ; and then on my making inquiry, he confessed with great reluctance that his funds were entirely exhausted, that he was already considerably in debt to his landlord, that the wood for his stove was done, and for two days he had almost been in absolute want ; moreover, that he had no relative in the world to whom he could apply for aid. 'Dear good Floret,' said I, 'do not despair, God has sent me to you, I will nurse you, and you shall recover ; I leave you now to see what I can do for you.' He was too weak to express his thanks ; and fearful that I was too late to save him, I ran to Dr. Gleim, found him at home, and hurried him along with me to my friend. The good doctor soon understood the whole merits of the case, he prescribed for him, and shortly afterwards there arrived from the doctor's wife a present of delicate, nourishing food, and some strengthening old wine. I took up my quarters beside him, and slept on a sofa in his room. Through the interest the doctor's wife took in the poor young fellow, the families of Professors Creuzer, Justi, and others, continued to send everything that was needed for his comfort and sustenance ; even the merchants, Ulrich, sent wood for his stove, and Bersch and Schaefer warm clothing and groceries ; and to crown all, the landlord brought him one day a receipt for what he owed him, but stated that he had promised not to reveal from whom he had received the payment. The doctor's skill, the kindness of the friends God had raised up for him, and my nursing, soon set him on his feet again. Shortly afterwards a bursary was granted him which would allow him to study with comparative comfort. I shall never forget how the poor fellow was affected when I informed him of

this. 'You are my good angel,' said he, falling on my neck, and bursting into tears, 'you have saved me from death and opened up an honourable path of life to me; how shall I ever requite you?' We continued to live together like brothers until we quitted the University, and Floret went abroad. It is singular that since then I have never heard of him. Here, Julius, read aloud his letter for my eyes fill when I think of him."

Julius took the letter and read as follows:

"Dear, noble Zülch, my deliverer, my good angel, the founder of my fortune! Do you recollect one to whom you tendered the loving, helping hand of a brother? one whom you raised from the brink of death, to a life full of satisfaction? Recall to your memory my name, the name of Floret; think how you saved and nursed me with the tenderness of a mother, and believe that I have ever cherished for you the unspeakable gratitude and the warmest affection of my heart. In all my wanderings, in danger, in sickness, in the turmoil of life, and in my solitary hours, your image has been ever with me and the cheering tones of your voice ringing in my ears. May God bless and prosper you, has been, and is, the burden of all my prayers. So long as I was like a castaway on the stormy sea of life, I did not write to you lest I should cause you pain and anxiety on my account, but now that I am at rest in a safe haven, I can no longer refrain from making you the sharer of my good fortune.

"I will pass over twenty-four years of my life, during which I had to struggle with many difficulties, and even to grapple with hunger and despair, but I never forgot the early lesson God taught me through your lips, and though I was often cast down, yet He never utterly forsook me. About six years ago I reached Padang in Sumatra. Having a good knowledge of languages I found a situation in a Dutch mercantile house, where my position was gradually improved as I gained the confidence of my employer, who, on learning that I had studied law at the University, intrusted me to conduct an important litigation in which his house was engaged. I was thus brought in contact with several planters, and I also made the acquaintance of a rich widow, a native of France, who was glad to have an opportunity of conversing with me in her native language. She was an intimate friend of my employer, Mr. Van Huden, and his family, and by her kind invitation I passed some pleasant evenings with them at her house.

"On one occasion, she offered me the situation of factor of her estate, then vacant by the death of the gentleman her late husband had appointed. I felt that it would be ungrateful in me to leave Mr. Van Huden, from whom I had received much kindness, and I declined with many thanks, stating that I could only accept of her offer when my employer had no longer need of my services. A few days afterwards, Mr. Van Huden called me into his private room, and informed me that he regretted he must dispense with my services; but, observing my look of

consternation, he added quietly: 'I give you leave to become only as useful to Madame Vander Schouven as you have been to me, for that worthy lady has really need of a talented and trustworthy factor.' We parted thus on the most friendly terms, and I entered on my new duties. Madame Vander Schouven was engaged in a lawsuit with some distant relatives of her late husband, who disputed his will, which had been made entirely in her favour. My knowledge of jurisprudence was now of great use to me. I had frequently to consult with her, and had to plead her case before the Court of the Dutch East India Company and the Governor-General. After many tedious processes, I had at length the satisfaction of informing her that we were successful, and that her property was indubitably secured to her. The joy of the good lady knew no bounds, and in her gratitude—the secret came out,—and in short—I became her husband. Valerie was in every respect worthy of the most tender regard and esteem, and at this period of my life my cup of happiness was full. Then, dear Zülch, I wrote to you, but as you never replied, I suppose you never received the letter. For two years I enjoyed the delightful companionship of my Valerie, till about some months ago, she was suddenly struck down by a malignant fever. She well knew the fatal nature of the attack, and with wonderful calmness she sent for the Governor, and in his presence made a will, leaving me all she possessed. Then abstracting her mind from all earthly cares, she resigned herself with child-like confidence into the hands of her Saviour, and we parted in the joyful hope of a blessed re-union in heaven. Ah, my friend, I cannot express to you the feeling of desolation which oppresses me since her departure. Here, everywhere around me, the beneficent acts of her life remind me of what I have lost in her; and her slaves whom she had long ago emancipated, and who literally adored her, remain yet with me and speak constantly of her goodness.

"I am now alone in the wide, wide world; have no ties here, no relatives in Germany, and the thought of you, the true friend of my youth, is the only ray of light that bids me hope for a coming day of friendship and sympathy. Were I not bound by too many duties here I should seek you out over Europe. When you receive this, write me immediately; it will be a happy day for my people when your letter arrives! If you have sons, dear Zülch, send at least one and I shall receive him as a gift from God and be more than a father to him.

"Dear old fellow,* do not be angry that I inclose you a trifle in the form of a draft on the banking-house of Goldschmidt in Amsterdam. If you have a wife and children, greet and kiss them for your ever grateful and attached,

ALBERT FLORET."

The letter contained a draft for 20,000 Dutch florins, and, while it was being perused, eloquent looks and expressive gestures were exchanged between the family party, and at the conclusion the mother's face was bathed in tears of gratitude. "Dear Eberhardt," said she, in a low voice

* *Lieber Alter*, dear old fellow, is a term of endearment among the Germans.

to her husband, "I well knew that God would some time reward thee for all thy patient toil, all thy self-sacrifice for others. It is too much for me now; let us retire and seek strength and wisdom to receive rightly this unexpected bounty, and thank God for his wonderful goodness."

The good Pastor supported his feeble wife to her room, where they could give vent to their feelings, and join in humble thankfulness to the Giver of all good.

Any demonstration of the young people had been checked by the serious aspect of their parents; but upon their leaving the room, they surrounded neighbour Braun, whose knees had for some time been occupied by the twins and their dolls, and transformed into gently trotting ponies.

"There, little ones," cried he, "let us ride now at the full gallop, for what can we say? There, Julius and Max have already begun to build their airy castles; and I see by the twinkle of their eyes, that Agnes and Marie have too their sly thoughts." And off went his legs at the full gallop, till panting and breathless, he clasped the little golden heads to his warm heart, and gave the ponies—a rest.

Johanna and Bertha had been consulting and arguing with Paul as to what such a sum of money would enable them all to do; and on the return of his father and mother to the parlour, he boldly advanced and asked *naively* if he could now afford to get his Robinson newly bound.

"Yes, my children, I shall now be able to do something for you all; and I am especially glad to be able to repay neighbour Jacob: that debt has lain like a weight on my mind, I could not shake off."

"What, worthy Pastor, you are indebted to that usurer?" exclaimed Braun: "oh, what have I done that you have not shown me that confidence? How gladly would I have shared my plenty with you, and my own dear children here! But this debt shall not remain an hour longer: it will be sometime before you will get your money from Amsterdam. Suffer me in the meantime to place at your disposal a few hundred dollars: and now, Max, let us be off; you are the lawyer, accompany me to Jacob's, and let us clear off this score."

The Pastor seemed to be helplessly at the mercy of favourable winds, with which he was unable to contend; so fervently pressing his friend's hand, he gave his consent for Max to accompany him to Jacob's.

They were not long absent, and on their return Max placed Jacob's receipt in his father's hand, while the good neighbour slipped a well-filled purse into the mother's basket. This joyful evening was now at a close, but the happy party did not separate without kneeling at the family altar, while the Pastor implored a blessing and returned heartfelt thanks to God, whose mercy endureth for ever.

The next day being Christmas, a day solemnly observed in Germany, the Pastor, himself deeply impressed, preached with affectionate earnestness and power on the wonderful love of God in sending his only begotten Son into our world that we might have life through Him, and on love as the distinguishing feature of all true Christian communities, not in word

only, but in deed and in truth, constraining the world to acknowledge as it did of the early Christians—"Behold how they love one another!" Many hearts were touched, and not a few resolved henceforward to live no longer to themselves alone.

The sum neighbour Braun had placed at his disposal allowed the stream of the Pastor's generous nature to flow out in blessings to others; and suitable Christmas-boxes were sent by him to the schoolmaster—whose children were his only riches, the pupils of the school, the poor of the parish, and some whose narrow means were only known to himself. When the news of their beloved Pastor's good fortune transpired in the village, each congratulated his neighbour as if the luck had happened to themselves.

The Pastor and his family, with neighbour Braun, are again seated at the large family table. They talk of Floret and of the fortune he has sent them.

"Let me know each of your wishes, my children," said the father, "and I shall try to gratify them."

They made several requests which pleased their parents and showed their modest ambition. Max only was silent. At last he approached his father with a serious mien, and asked him for the sum of 1500 florins.

"What!" exclaimed his father, "how now, Max, you that were always the most economical of the family—you that lived on bread and water at the college, when you wanted a book you could not afford otherwise to purchase—have you become a prodigal and got into debt?"

"No, my father," replied Max; "but I want the money for the expenses I would incur, if I succeed in my wish, which is to go out to your friend, the generous Floret."

"Oh, ho! well done, Max; you will be the great man, the rich man, all of a sudden! you want a royal road to fortune!" exclaimed his sisters.

"No," said Max with decision, by no means relishing their raillery "you all know me too well too believe that; but since my father received the letter in which Floret requests him to send him one of his sons, I have thought well over it, and I think you will agree with me that my age and the education I have received fit me best to be of use to him, and to you all: however, my dear parents must determine this."

After this formidable speech, a pause ensued, which was broken by the neighbour. "Spoken like a man, my dear boy, that's noble courage, I say; and I have no doubt your father and mother will give you their consent and blessing—but, little Max, you must not forget old friends at Phillipsthal."

The anxious mother already saw only her darling son exposed to all the dangers of the sea, and the sisters reflected her looks.

The Pastor rose and walked thoughtfully about the room, blowing clouds of smoke from his new pipe. At last he laid his hand on Max's

shoulder and spoke with much emotion. "The intimation of your desire, my son, has taken us all by surprise, and after all I cannot but think you are right. The whole earth is the Lord's, and He is everywhere present. It appears to me, that God has put that thought in your mind : the good Floret yearns to attach to himself a friendly heart, and will most joyfully welcome you. Besides, you resemble me so much, and you are just about the age I was when he and I studied together, that you will recal to him the remembrance of that happy time, and bring once more sunshine to his dwelling. Yes, my son, go in my stead to my dear friend, and Providence will protect you. I will gladly give you the sum you ask : but how are we to obtain the consent of the good mother," added he, looking round cautiously towards her.

"Dear Eberhardt," said she, if it appears to you to be God's will, it is all for the best, and I must not stand in the way. My boy must leave me sometime—God strengthen me to bear it : " and she laid her face in her hands and burst into sobs and tears. Max ran and embraced her, and tried to soothe her, telling her he would not go if it would distress her so much, but she replied with firmness : "Yes, my boy, you must go—I will have it so—and forgive my tears, for the mother's heart is both a coward and a hero where her children are concerned."

It was thus decided that Max should go. Julius had to return to his pupil, and took a tender leave of them all, Max accompanying him half-way. On inquiry a letter from Amsterdam informed the Pastor that the good ship "Neuhof" would leave that port for Sumatra about the middle of April.

And now active preparations for Max's departure were made, and the mother busied herself in imagining and supplying every possible want he might require. The day of separation at length arrived. I will not attempt to describe how Max assumed an air of unusual hilarity, how the good mother suppressed her tears and hovered ever near him, how the sisters and Paul, in particular, were extraordinarily officious ; and when the coach drew up to the door, and the parting must be gone through, his courage forsook him for a moment, and as he strained each in their turn to his heart, and especially when he kissed his beloved mother, the tears he could no longer hide rained down his manly cheeks. The luggage was put into the coach, Max followed, and the Pastor solemnly commending him to the care and protection of his Heavenly Father, waved his last adieu as they drove from the door.

(To be continued.)

ALBERT THE GOOD.

BY J. C. TILDESLEY.

“ Hereafter through all times, ‘ Albert the Good.’ ”—TENNYSON.

WHY doth the nation weep ?
 Why do these half rear'd banners wave on high ?
 Whence comes from cottage hearth and castle keep
 This strange, sad mournful cry ?
 Is some fam'd warrior dead ?
 Whose name is cherish'd in our island story,
 Some hoary chieftain, who of old hath led
 To conquest and to glory ?
 Or hath yon gallant band
 Been vanquish'd by a tyrant's fierce ambition ?
 Or doth some scene of bloodshed fill the land
 With sorrow and contrition ?
 No ! 'tis not warlike fears,
 Not a martial sound of dread surprise,
 That hath drawn such heartfelt tears,
 From a sorrowing nation's eyes.
 Where yon Castle walls are sleeping
 In the gloom : with sadness rife,
 Sits a Royal Widow weeping
 For the lov'd one of her life.
 And as the sorrows of her heart
 O'er the land like clouds of anguish come,
 Fervent tears from manly eyelids start
 And the voice of mirth grows dumb.
 Hark ! how the people pray !
 “ O God ! Thy streams of consolation pour,
 And grant our Royal Widow faith to say,
 ‘ My lov'd one is not dead, but gone before !’
 “ Her orphan children bless,
 Oh ! knit their tender hearts in mutual love ;
 Be *Thou* their Father : guide their steps in peace,
 And join them to Thy family above !
 “ And hear her peoples' cry,
 Who mourn their prince, and counsellor, and friend ;
 Thou Prince of princes teach us to rely
 On Thee for guidance to the journey's end.”
 * * * * *
 How shall we most admire
 The man who sleeps beneath yon funeral pall,—
 As husband, father, scholar, prince, or sire ?
 He hath excel'd in all !
 Belov'd, admired, revered,
 He work'd for God and good—for this alone.
 Both wise, and just, and pure, he nobly rear'd
 A model household round a model throne !
 Ashes to ashes ! let him lie
 God's will is done, 'tis ours to be content :
 A tear of love from every British eye
 Shall be his noblest monument !

December, 1861.

WOMAN IN DAILY LIFE: OR SHADOWS ON EVERY HILL-SIDE.

BY MRS. HARRIET M. CAREY.

"Into *all* life some rain must fall,
Some days *must* be dark and dreary."

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

CHAPTER I.

THE BEGINNING OF LIFE.

"Singing alone in the morning of life,
In the happy morning of life and May."

TENNYSON.

VIOLET HAREWOOD was married. Don't start, readers, the poetical interest of her existence, the novel of her life is not over yet, only just beginning!—the shy, reserved girl is transplanted from the *unforcing* soil of maidenhood, to be cultivated into a richer bloom and fairer growth by the improving sphere of *real* life! Yes, Violet Harewood is married. The bells have rung a merry peal, the ring is on her finger, and the wreath has encircled her brow! the solemn words have been spoken, pledging her to bear an earnest woman's heart through weal and through woe, and to take more than half her share of earthly care and trouble.

Violet Harewood's marriage was no St. George's, Hanover Square, affair—began at Almack's, budded in the Row, flowered by the sea-side in some yachting expedition, and reaching a full consummation in the Highlands. It was no affair brought to perfection by a speculating mamma, or manoeuvring grandmother; no idle girlish fancy, no frivolous desire for bride's maids and bride-cake; but an honest, deep, hearty, and devoted love, such as when it once enters into a young girl's heart, causes her pulses to beat with all a woman's steadfast devotion, and her soul to melt with all wifely tenderness. *Money* was nothing in the consideration of Violet Harewood. If money came, so much the better; if not, why Frank was better without money, than the Duke of Dubbarry would be with thousands. What were difficulties? Violet didn't understand them! Her marriage with Frank had been a difficulty, a difficulty that had paled her cheek, and well nigh furrowed her brow; but that was overcome. Guardians and parents had agreed at last, that since the young people had been so foolish as to love, it would be no use trying to prevent their being still more foolish and marrying. Violet's connection, Lady Vere, who, in the laborious task of a chaperon, had dragged her unwilling charge through half a London season, grew weary of seeing the perpetual

Oxonian's suit of clerical black, in juxtaposition to her niece's snowy tarlatane, and discouraged by finding a pre-occupied face and absent eye accorded to all Lord Snelgrove's agreeable nothings, while the sparkling countenance, bright with blushes and eager with animation, was reserved for penniless Frank.

"It is of no use, my dear General," said Lady Vere at the end of the season to Violet's father, Sir Lovelace Harewood; "it is of no use trying any longer to constrain Violet. If her heart is set on marrying a poor curate, who, as my maid Somers said of her brother-in-law, can see daylight up his chimney, by all means let her do so; let her see the white tie (which looks so romantic contemplated at a distance), on a nearer inspection, worn thin and yellow, and full of poverty marking holes. Thank goodness, Violet is no daughter of mine; *my* children know too well their position in life to think of forfeiting it."

The old General was perplexed—he was heartily tired of *his position* as guardian to an unmarried daughter, and anxious to wash his hands of the whole affair—so merely muttering that well used axiom, that age seems to delight in applying to youth, "young people will be young people," he bowed assent, and Violet, sweet Violet, was left to blossom in the poor man's garden plot.

Yes, General, you are right, "young people will be young people;" and why should they not? Young people have light hearts, bright spirits, with hope's sunshine lying full upon them in its glorious dawn; glad frank natures, full of confidence in the future and their fellow-creatures; souls that feel within themselves the power of contending with an adverse fate, and only look, like a frigate at sea, for the mists of the morning that shroud the future from their view to clear off and let them see their adversary! And well it is that fingers firmer and more ardent should lace our armour on for the combat of life, than those trembling ones that undo the links when the battle is ended, and the calm hush of the evening hour calls the wearied soldier to repose awhile, in peaceful contemplation on the events of the day, ere sleep falls upon him! Yes! young people *must* be young people, else where would be the lightness of heart, the buoyancy of spirit that bears the determined swimmer up amid the waves of difficulty? A hearty laugh has often made a soul braver to bear care, a happy day nerved a spirit to win its way boldly through an anxious one. The faculty youth possesses of turning easily away from trouble is a blessed one; the spirit rebounds again from its temporary pressure with elasticity, and is ready, fresh as ever, for another struggle with fate! But we are forgetting ourselves and moralizing when we should be admiring the bride and listening to the wedding speeches around Violet Harewood's bridal breakfast table, and, still more important in Lady Vere's eyes, taking notes of the great and noble who attended what the *Morning Post* would call "the festive occasion."

First, in due order came the bride and bridegroom. Graceful, timid, and retiring, there lay under the shy, girlish exterior of Violet Conyers—

Harewood no longer—a strength of purpose, an energy of will that even she herself little recked of! Clinging to the arm of Frank, she seemed to ask and receive support; but in the “chances and difficulties of this mortal life,” it was *her* voice that cried “*Onward!*” *her* cheek that blanched not at the approach of woe, and *her* spirit, all indomitable in the panoply of woman’s love, that flew to shield her husband in the strife. But strife as yet was unknown to Violet. Her mother had died in her infancy, or rather, a few hours after her birth: it had been a run-away match, and though Captain, afterwards General Sir Lovelace Harewood had tenderly cherished his young wife, yet her spirit had drooped within her at the step she had taken, in defiance, not only of those near and dear to her, but of that innate refinement and delicacy appointed by Heaven to sit as guardian angel within a woman’s heart from her birth to her grave, and which, at the slightest violation of propriety, spreads its wings and flees away for ever! Mrs. Harewood’s heart was crushed more than broken, and though her husband often cheered her by predicting that the birth of her child would restore her to the arms of her mother, yet her moral lips, parched by shame and sorrow, seemed unable to swallow the draught of consolation, and she faded away day by day, growing sadder and paler; and when her little one was born and placed beside her, and nurses exulted in the resemblance to father and mother, on the strength of its cry and the faultless form of its limbs, there passed over that young fair mother’s face one convulsive movement—one moan broke from her—all was still for ever: a stillness broken but by the wild, despairing cry of the young husband, who had lost the light of his life and home. Whether her young mother’s fate had anything to do with it, I know not, but there was about Violet an almost fastidious refinement and delicacy. She had been brought up under the care of a worthy old governess who had educated her father’s sisters. Captain Harewood passed rapidly upwards in military rank, gaining, with almost a giant’s strides, the highest step in the ladder. No appointment refused that he asked for, no grade of worldly honour unbestowed; externally a fortunate man and richly blessed with all prosperity, but *internally* with the worm of an undying sorrow gnawing at his heart’s core, with one unseen grief blighting, like the hot blast of the sirocco, the luxuriant foliage of happiness. That *one* grief, that we *all* are allotted by Heaven, to be our companion in our earthly homes, was in *his* case a bitter and poignant one: his young wife’s memory was so to speak *photographed* upon his soul, and the sunshine of prosperity only made it shine the more clearly. Sorrow’s arrow had left its shaft within the wound, and it had never healed there. As year after year bestowed fresh good gifts of fortune, and he was talked of as “Harewood of our’s, the luckiest fellow in the army,” there was still the one sore spot within; and it was visible without in the scowling brow, the rapid utterance, the slight regard for the feelings of others, the want of interest in all that concerned them, or indulgent sympathy in their

sorrows and mistakes—all marked the disappointed and blighted man ; the man too proud, too unscathed by worldly humiliations, to own himself blighted and disappointed, but, perchance, feeling it all the more bitterly from the attempt at concealment. Cold to every one, not even warming to his child, to Violet, in her youthful and winning loveliness, it seemed that affliction had passed a searing iron over his heart and closed it for ever to any softer touch. Sorrow deals very differently with each of us ; on some she lays her touch on their brow with almost a caressing hand. True, when she removes it, a few white hairs mingle with youth's darker tresses ; but faith, and hope, and love only beam the brighter in their eyes. Patience has learnt her lesson ; she has brought experience in her train, and experience, once fairly established, has summoned her bright-faced sister, hope, to dwell for ever in that heart and embellish all around. The hand of sorrow had rested heavily on Sir Lovelace Harewood ; he had chafed under it, thrown it off as a restive horse does his rider, torn it from him as an *impatient* fever patient does the blister that is healing him, and—the scar remained unclosed *for ever* !

There was, of course, little sympathy between him and Violet, between the disappointed man of the world and the hopeful and unsophisticated child of nature ; he saw faults and foibles, where she joyously hailed goodness and excellence ; he despaired, where she looked gladly forward ; he doubted, where she believed. The world was *everything* to him ; to her *nothing*. He had only recently returned from a fourteen years' command in India, finding Violet, who he left a mere child, ripened to womanly beauty. He did not take much interest in her ; she was a girl, and all girls were pretty much alike he believed ; and the timid reception, under which deep and enthusiastic tenderness shyly hid beneath maidenly reserve—ready at one kind look, one encouraging gesture, to expand into full bloom and luxuriance—only made him more carelessly indifferent to her, believing, as he sometimes said when congratulated on the subject of his daughter, that she was a “good girl enough, but not much in her.” In fact, there was a something about him that checked Violet whenever she was inclined to launch out into some of her favourite subjects and darling enthusiasms. She had been brought up very much alone. Miss Harley, her old governess, was a prim maiden of a certain age, who was more given to telling her pupil what *was wrong*, than pointing out to her what was right ; she was one of those people who always look upon life with the eye of the counsel appointed for the *prosecution*, ready to imagine an evil where it had never existed, to pounce upon the smallest embryo wrong and exalt it into a giant ; all her imagination—and though a single lady of a certain age, she *had* an imagination—was devoted to *fancying* wrongs which never existed. According to her, weeds of unkindness twined about the sweetest flowers ; there was no real want, no true sorrow in the world ; all around were one confederated band of impostors, with one noble exception—*herself* ! She had been imposed upon, maligned, ill-treated, cheated, and deserted by every one ; the very

servants did not pay her the attention they ought; she was always changing them: and to Violet, who attached herself to every one, and hated changes, this was really a sore trial! Miss Harley took no interest in literature, in sights, in the crowd of our fellow-men that are moving on the same journey with ourselves. Did Violet eagerly propose to go and see a boat-race: "What was the use of it? she was much better at home; she would only tire herself to death." Did she drag her unwilling companion into some beautiful old Gothic church: while she stood rapt in thoughts of the *past* and the contrasting present, Miss Harley would rouse her from her reverie by a "Come, Violet, my dear, the stones are damp, and you'll catch your death of cold; I *hate old churches!*" And once, when the enthusiastic girl rushed in, breathless, with some lines of her own just translated and *actually printed* by her German master—(and who that has ever known it can forget the first fresh joy of seeing your own thoughts, those once misty children of your brain *in print*? it is something like the first cry of your baby, no longer a hope but a reality!) when Violet, with glad, flushed face rushed in: "Look, Miss Harley, Herr Taurig is so kind—he's actually translated my verses on the Indian boy Papa found in the jungle—and he's had them printed, look, and with *my name* to them too, 'by Violet Harewood!' isn't it nice?"—Miss Harley's half fretful reply was: "I don't see what good it'll do you, my dear, it won't pay your milliner's bill!" What wonder then if Violet was much alone, alone in her sorrows and her joys; if in her childhood she made friends of trees and flowers, of the first primrose and last honeysuckle, of nature, and dearer still of the *future*, that bright glad-some fairy that smiles so bewitchingly on young girls. Even in her early childhood she was given to castle-building as she skipped along the garden or slowly paced by the side of her governess! Visions of one who would love her more than tongue could tell, to whom she could pour out all her own wealth of affection, who would enjoy life by her side, and with whom—oh! untold bliss of expectation to her young untried spirit—with whom she could share misfortunes and sorrows! These were Violet's day-dreams. Sometimes too she would yearn for the touch of baby arms round her neck, and flinging down her doll, horrify poor Miss Harley by a passionate demand for a *real* baby! As she grew older she lived still more within her own ideal world, with the creatures of her books, the creations of the poet's fancy, or the majestic figures which pace along the gallery of time as History, wondrous Sage, displays her magic lantern. All these became to Violet real, familiar friends, intimate acquaintances. In Mary Stuart's sorrows she had a personal interest; she hated Elizabeth with the honest hatred of a fellow-dweller in the same street who suffers from his neighbour's rudeness. Her hand yearned to dry the tears on Clemence Isaure's cheeks; and her brain imagined the gorgeous scene of the Troubadours meeting, the Judge's decision, and the gift of the prized and cherished "*Violet*"—how she envied the possessors! how proud she should have been of it! To her the Wizard of the

North was indeed a Wizard ! and she held her breath as he wrought fresh wonders as she read. To her Byron sang of grief, and she longed to soothe his sorrows, to restore his little Ada to his embrace, and seat Childe Harold by a cheerful fireside ! The grand old Normans, they too met with her ready sympathy as they crossed the sea, burning with chivalry, to add another gem to their conquering Duke's garland ! Violet was about seventeen when Miss Harley and herself received an invitation from a *ci-devant* but less fortunate brother-in-arms of her father's, to spend an evening with him in his pretty little cottage at Ryde, where they were passing the summer for the benefit of sea-bathing. Mrs. Somers wrote :

"My dear Miss Harewood,—It will give the Captain and myself great pleasure if you will spend Thursday evening with us. My husband can never forget his old chief's kindness, and it will be a real gratification to see his child under our roof. Does your governess go out with you ? if so, pray bring her.—Most truly yours,
JANE SOMERS."

Ah ! Miss Harley, you would have swallowed the insult to governesses in general, and yourself in particular, that you imagined intended by those last words, if you had only known what hidden mischief would be borne upon the wing of that Thursday evening. Dainty Titania was abroad with her love mixture cunningly prepared for the eye-lids of those marked for her prey. Yes ! Violet, patience a few short hours, and the brightest dream you ever formed shall have *begun* to be fulfilled. Old Father Time is coming on to meet you ; he leads by the arm and will soon present you to—that faithful friend through weal and woe, that joy of the hearth and delight of the home called by mortal lips—a husband ! But Miss Harley wasn't in Time's confidence, and he never gave her the least hint of what he was going to do ; so she contented herself with saying : "What a rude woman that Mrs. Somers is, and so illiterate. '*The Captain*'—I hate women who call their husbands the Captain—she was never born a lady. *I shan't go* : I suppose, my dear, you *must*, or Sir Lovelace will be angry—he liked Captain Somers, I recollect !" So Miss Harley's brown satin slumbered in the drawer ; and Violet, who was in slight mourning, gathered some white roses in the garden and twining some in her hair, relieved the sombre hue of her black net dress with others, and went forth with her loyal, untouched, wealthy girlish heart to meet Frank Conyers—all unknowing, as she went, that *this* evening was to fix her destiny. Mrs. Somers's party was a small one—"only," as the hostess expressed it, "*a few friends*," for it seems the privilege of tea and toast to exalt acquaintanceship into friendship. The man who calls upon you as an "acquaintance of mine" in the morning, becomes suddenly "Mr. Brown, a friend of mine," under the influence of anticipated gas and sponge cake ! Who ever was asked yet to "meet a *few acquaintances* !" Among Mrs. Somers's friends, elevated to that honour for one night only, were some young Oxonians, passing the long vacation at Ryde with much boating and little reading, much pier lounging and little Greek, a modicum of Latin and huge extent of flirting. Howard of Queen's was already *épris* with Julia Vere, whose brother's

yacht "Ruby" gained the cup last Monday ; Delville of Pembroke was soft all over from the violent assaults of black eyes under brown hats on the pier ; and Morton of Magdalen was in a languishing state for some unknown beauty who drove a pair of ponies, and wore scarcely disguised top boots and eschewed gloves—was considered by his companions to be a married woman, but vowed by Morton to be still free in maiden loveliness. All but Conyers were in love, and he was considering how he could best copy his companions' example, finding it, as he said, "awfully slow work for a fellow to have nothing to interest himself about but reading." Of course, when Mrs. Somers pressed her hospitality upon them, "to meet Sir Lovelace Harewood's daughter, such a sweet girl, an old friend of the Captain's when he was a boy!"—(leaving it in doubt whether Violet or her father had had that honour!)—of course, I say, they were all engaged to a ball on Colonel Vere's yacht, and, of course, they all declined—all but Conyers, and to him it seemed as if the hitherto unheard name of Violet Harewood bore some sort of constraining magic. Willingly he sacrificed his polka on the smooth boards of the "Ruby," the sight of Julia's graceful movements, of black eyes and blue eyes, of Morton's startling heroine with all her wondering ways, and patiently he bore the ridicule of his companions at the "folly of sacrificing a jolly ball on board Vere's craft for a bread-and-butter evening at old Somers's!" Eight o'clock saw him, hat in hand, bowing to Mrs. Somers and apologizing for his companions, and half-past eight saw the door thrown open and "Miss Harewood" announced by the page, whose buttoned suit had evidently been either made for a smaller boy, or years passing on had caused it to grow too small for *him*. Frank turned round, and Violet, in her black dress and snowy roses, passed before him. Little he thought how words of his should soon call a flush upon that smooth cheek, how care for his weal should bring tears into those eyes and then chase them away lest he should suspect sorrow and fret : little he thought that that head would one day rest upon his shoulder, that arm clasp his neck, and that step spring with unwearied love to greet him home. Yes ! little he thought that there stood the light of his dwelling in stormy days of darkness, the comforter of lonely hours of grief, the mother of his children, and the wife of his bosom !

"Mr. Conyers, you are all alone in that corner ; allow me to introduce you to the Captain's young friend, Miss Harewood, Sir Lovelace's daughter (*sotto voce*), a sweet girl, and such an *old* friend of the Captain when he was a boy."

"Miss Harewood, Mr. Conyers. You're going to Lady Vere's pic-nic, to-morrow, my dear, and you'll like to know somebody, hardly come out as you are ; Mr. Conyers will look after you, I'm sure !"

Then off sped bustling, busy, good-natured Mrs. Somers, and Frank and Violet engaged for the first time in conversation.

Reader, ask me not what they said : if you are married, and married to him, your young heart's own first love and dearest choice, you will

remember well the nameless charm that hung over those conversations when as yet your husband was no husband! and if you are *not* married, far be it from me to lift the veil from that mystery that possesses such deep and marvellous attraction for young girls! Well, pic-nic succeeded pic-nic—ball, ball—and every day and every hour had brought Frank Conyers and Violet Harewood nearer together. Miss Harvey might chafe in vain at that “intruding young Conyers, who kept every one else away,” she might frown at his attentions and groan at Violet’s blushes; but all in vain: Frank’s was still the arm on which Violet leant as she mounted some of the romantic chines of the Isle of Wight, her first quadrille at those little merry sea-side meetings was danced with him, and many was the waltz and polka that she sat out with him under some broad awning, whose flaps were ever and anon lifted by the fresh breeze from Spithead, and from whose height the sea—the mighty ships lay bathed in calm moonlight. One evening, one lovely summer’s evening—we love to be particular in describing what Violet would herself call “the lucky hour of her life”—the last hours of a pic-nic found Violet and Frank still loitering on the cliffs, while the rest of the merry party were collecting shawls and seating themselves in carriages. Julia Vere had already sauntered along the rocky pathway followed by her most assiduous adorer, whose attentive dogging of her pathway the haughty beauty permitted much as she would those of her mother’s poodle dog. Poor Julia, you had a heart, but it wasn’t touched by him! Julia had passed the two lovers seated on their rock with some light jest as to their fondness for a moonlight scene—with a light jest upon her lips but with a bitter pang at her heart. “Would,” thought she, “that Frank Conyers’s brother thus sat beside *me*.” A brunette with all the deep, wild passion joined to the complexion of the south—a descendant of the old Italian family of the Guarini, who had intermarried some centuries ago with the Veres—there flowed some of their hot, impetuous blood through her veins. She had flirted, she had played—proud of her beauty, she had liked to let those who admired her *feel* its power—till she met Major Conyers, then the heart knew its master! But coquetry was still resorted to—by this time to *hide* feelings which maidenly reserve trembled to betray; but so perfect was the acting of this accomplished—we won’t call her *flirt*, for it isn’t a pretty word: well, *coquette* it must be, it has a softer and more graceful sound. Jenny Jones, the grocer’s daughter, might be, and I daresay *is* a *flirt*, but she could hardly be a coquette. So perfect, then, was Julia’s coquetry, that Major Conyers was far from imagining that *he* had taught the haughty spirit of Julia Vere to love mortal man, and much as he admired her, he rather guarded himself from slipping into that slough of despond, unrequited attachment, so easily fallen into by the *pliables* of this world.

Poor Julia, her’s was a hard lot in life, enviable as it seemed to those around her. Lady Vere, a nominal Roman Catholic, head of the eldest branch of the old Roman Catholic family of Vere, was devoted to her

eldest son, a handsome, talented boy, and made small account of her less important daughter, who was consigned at an early age to be educated in a convent in Belgium. In the quaint old city of Malines, Julia had passed her childhood and early youth. No mother's touch had rested on her brow—no warm-hearted sister had shared her every thought and feeling—and no glad, merry brother had returned for the holidays to call forth her affections. Frivolous Belgian girls were her only companions; the nuns were kind but cold; the principles of high honour and innate refinement that form the staple of an Englishwoman's character were not instilled; no counsel was given by motherly love, on that most important subject of a young girl's life, her *future*. She felt an oppressive dulness in her existence, and longed for change; and change had come at last, for Lady Vere had sent for her last year to be presented and introduced, and this was her second season of a whirl of dissipation and unsatisfying excitement. Sick at heart, as I said before, haughty Julia Vere passed onwards, and Howard of Queen's followed; but you and I, my reader, have invisible caps on our heads and we will stay, shrouded by them, and hear what Frank Conyers is saying to Violet.

"Yes! I am to be a clergyman, I believe, at least that is if I pass a decent examination."

"Oh! you're *sure* to do that!"

"Nothing is sure in this world till it's done, and I sometimes think, even if I *do*, how shall I ever get a curacy."

"Friends will give you one, and a living too; don't be downhearted, Mr. Conyers; hope is the best food for mortals!" laughed Violet, yet with a certain tremble in her voice, as if the subject of Frank Conyers's future possessed a very tender interest for her.

"Violet—Miss Harewood," said Frank, "there is one good gift which, I fear me, Heaven denies to poor curates—a *wife*." Violet's breath came hard and fast, and an ashy paleness spread itself over her cheeks; she was silent, and Frank continued: "Can I ask any woman, can I expect any woman to share with me the privations, the humiliations of an unpreferred clergyman's life—to live on a scanty stipend, to forego luxuries and ease, and share my struggling and self-denying life—can I have this hope, this expectation, or must I resolutely crush it within me, and see Violet Harewood no more?"

A deep pathos gave additional force to the last words, as Frank extended one hand towards Violet's which rested on the grass, and his eyes turned upon her with one of those expressive glances which made Frank Conyers so irresistible. Need we say that Violet's hand was soon trembling in his, and that a lover's first embrace was given and received. As they walked back along the grassy cliffs, a new existence seemed to have begun for Violet; love, earnest, mutual love, shed its light on all around. Never had the sea looked so beautiful, the stars so bright, or the moon so lovely. She had no fears of her father's consent. She knew Frank Conyers was one of an ancient and honourable family; a good connection

in all respects but *money*; and she told Miss Harley of her engagement ere she slept in full confidence and unsullied happiness.

Of course, until Sir Lovelace returned, nothing could be done as to either publicly recognising or breaking off the engagement. He landed within a fortnight at Southampton, made some opposition at first, insisted on Violet's going through a London season under her aunt's guidance, and at last finding, as we have seen, it was useless to oppose the steady firmness of that loving spirit whose *all* was cast upon the die, he consented with something between a scowl and a sneer, and Violet sat now at the festive board as the wife of Frank Conyers—true leal-hearted Frank, humble in his own eyes, but possessing rich and as yet partially undeveloped stores of learning and talent—gentle-natured Frank, a true friend to the weary and heavy laden, a sympathizing bearer of all their troubles, a ready believer in their sorrowful excuses. A better or a truer soul never breathed than Frank Conyers, Violet's *own* dear Frank; who could be glad and merry as a boy sometimes, and who never caused her to shed a tear save in the hour of sorrow, when manhood's heart quailed like the frail ship in the gale, while woman's beacon light of hope and faith burnt brighter than ever! But we are anticipating. There is no sorrow *now*: all is blithe and joyous, befitting the wedding hour, fair ladies and gallant gentlemen, bright maidens and stately matrons; and Lord Vere has just risen to propose the health of the bride and bridegroom, "Mr. and Mrs. Frank Conyers, who," as his Lordship *naively* expressed himself, "are entering to-day upon the Hymeneal path—crossing, lit by Cupid's flashing torch, the threshold of Hymen's temple. May Heaven be with them—may Jove look down from Olympus with blessings on the pair"—(Lord Vere's mythology was rather confused, by the bye, and he occasionally diverged into modern Christianity)—"may Mercury bear a message of congratulation to their home, and St. Anthony himself confess that such a temptation *might* overcome a soul vowed to celibacy!"

His Lordship sat down amid a thunder of applause, and the toast was drunk with three times three. But now arose a serious difficulty: Frank Conyers was no public speaker, but Frank Conyers, like John Gilpin of old, was possessed of a friend in need, not exactly a calender "who would lend his horse to go," but a fellow collegian who had a great belief in his own as yet unexercised eloquence, and was quite ready to lend his rhetoric to Frank. This brother collegian was no other than that Delville of Queen's, who has been described as being in that bruised and softened condition, called by young men "*spooney*," from the wounds of black eyes under brown hats on the pier at Ryde. Delville was always in love, and enjoyed a perpetual variety in the subjects of his love, now blue eyes and flaxen tresses, an insipid simper and an affected lisp carried the day, and now his spirit quailed beneath the glance of some majestic beauty whose glance crushed little Delville into nothing; now it was Signora Clara Luna who was so irresistible that Delville ruined himself in opera stalls; now the Honourable Augusta Harford, one of the Queen's maids of

honour, and Delville might be seen crushing himself into a foremost rank in the crowd to have the happiness of staring at her as she passed in the royal procession. Little Delville was, as I said before, proud of his eloquence; he was going to the bar and expected to be Lord Chancellor: so "make yourself easy, my dear fellow," he said to Frank, "I'll return thanks for you." So up he got accordingly, as Lord Vere sat down: "Ladies and gentlemen"—(the ladies and gentlemen were all attention)—"ladies and gentlemen, friendship is a tender, tender—yes, ladies and gentlemen, gentlemen and ladies, it is a very tender—very tender—oh! dear me, dear gentlemen, I mean—dear ladies, I should say—I had it all—such a very pretty speech, but it's quite gone; it's no use trying:" and the discomforted little man sat down still firmly convinced that only some sudden and unaccountable infirmity had prevented his dazzling them with his eloquent flow of thought and language.

Speech succeeded speech. Major Conyers gave the bride's maids, and hoped that before long pink tarlatanes might be exchanged for white moire antique, and myrtle wreaths bud into orange blossoms—words that called the burning crimson spot to the cheek of Julia Vere, next whom he was seated and to whom this breakfast had been a happy time, for he had talked to her so freely, so confidentially, so much as if she had interest in all that concerned him, that Julia began to think whether indeed that there were not for her too a blissful fate in store. But the bride is rising, and we must rise too. Her bridal dress is changed for a tasteful simple travelling garb, and Mr. and Mrs. Conyers are making their adieus.

"You will come and spend a week with us, my dear father," said Violet, her heart quite softened by happiness and parting, and yearning to share her own joyous lot with all: "do come and see us, we will make you so comfortable." "Violet I'm very much obliged to you," was the cold short answer of the General, but I've an engagement in Paris. Conyers, your time's up, if you mean to catch the three o'clock train. You should learn punctuality, your first lesson. Good-bye, I've an appointment with Wyndham of the 200th, the only friend I have in the world, and I can't keep him waiting;" and away walked the reserved, cold, unloveable man—not one word of sympathy or tenderness to bind the heart of that young couple for ever to him—no little paternal gift of money slipped into the young wife's hand to strew their honeymoon with a few simple pleasures—his sole endeavour seemed to be to prove to them that they were entirely unnecessary to either his comfort or pleasure. *They* would gladly have welcomed him to hearth and home, have spread their best before him, and endeavoured to cheer the hard, blighted heart of the man of the world; but he would none of them! he turned coldly and sullenly from all the kindness offered to him, and at last they ceased to importune him.

(To be continued.)

Our Ivory Tablets:

OR

THE LADY'S LITERARY CIRCULAR.

A REVIEW OF BOOKS WRITTEN BY OR ADDRESSED TO WOMEN.

LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET. By M. E. BRADDON. (Tinsley Brothers.)

THE story over again of December loving May. Miss Braddon has long had a reputation which the incidents and construction of the present novel are likely to increase. From first to last the reader is well entertained, and her curiosity kept alive by the march of events. We are sorry the interest is principally derived from actions that all rightly constituted minds condemn; but whilst the novelist has to depict society, its wickedness cannot be passed over. If the faces are ugly, the true mirror must reflect their ugliness, however much the grace of virtue and simplicity be preferred. In the heroine we are introduced to an "old man's darling," who risks her position by a second marriage (her first husband being alive), which she hopes may be kept secret. Her husband, the baronet's invariable kindness and devotion, make this step all the more hateful and wicked; but the authoress in a measure palliates the delicate subject, by inferring that insanity is one of the afflictions common to Lady Audley's family. How in the end her secret is brought to light we leave readers to discover in Miss Braddon's own pages, and only add that sorrow follows in the footsteps of crime, and has to wash out with fresh tears every imprint left behind by passion in its sad wanderings—wanderings that we must term morbid and unreal, for we cannot call to memory a single instance in the history of devilry played by such a smiling fiend as the authoress portrays. It is the one great mistake of the book. A man may "smile, and smile, and be a villain;" and so, indeed, under a smiling face a woman may conceal the cruellest hatred and all uncharitableness; but such a faired haired, child-like, petted, virtuous-seeming simpleton, never in nature carried a blight through the green landscape, as does Lady Audley through the novelist's pages.

MARRYING FOR MONEY ; a Novel. By MRS. MACKENZIE-DANIEL.
(Newby.)

LIFE, ordinary life, is not usually eventful in its outside aspects. Like the common green covering of mother earth, existence generally has the smoothness of the greensward which relieves the eye in a landscape view ; and it is such smoothness of the daily life of the middle classes that Mrs. Daniel tranquilly unrolls in the works with which, from time to time, she amuses the public. We must not be supposed to imply, by the above remark, that the *inner life* of the most ordinary man or woman has not much in it that is not calm and smooth, but the power to delineate such metaphysical ruggedness is always a rare faculty and within the province of only our greatest poets, dramatists, and philosophic historians. What the authoress attempts, she successfully performs—a continuous narrative of what she sees in the household lives of respectable members of society. The story in “*Marrying for Money*” is soon told. Mrs. Milner, a widow lady, takes a village mansion that has long been untenanted ; her household is made up of a daughter, Violet, and two unmarried sisters, and a ladies’ companion ; the latter character being one that is generally present in modern novels. In a few pages the lawyer’s, doctor’s, and parson’s wives, and other village characters are sketched, their jealousies and vanities included, and the new comers quietly settle down in their rural quarters. Here they are shortly visited by a widowed baronet (a former lover of Mrs. Milner, and now her trustee) and his stepson. A match between the latter and Violet is then projected, and all outward circumstances seemed to favour this arrangement, which indeed does really take place, but not until the bride elect has discovered Mr. Horace Seymour, the bridegroom, is not the man of her choice. She arrives at this conclusion the more readily as a Mr. Thornton, a London literary hack and poet, makes her acquaintance. In Mr. Thornton’s fate there is much to pity, and woman’s pity is well known to be closely akin to love. He is a picturesque sloven, morally as well as personally, and as luck often goes with carelessness, the poor fellow whom men cut and neglect is solaced by the attention of Violet and her lady friends. The story in its issue deals out that mitigated joy and trouble which is now commonly, and in reality most naturally, distributed to novelists’ men and women, in this way : Violet marries Horace, who has many good points about him, those of constancy and freedom from jealousy being the principal : but—she only marries him for a time ; that is to say, at the end of a few years, he becomes insane and takes his own life. This is unpleasant, but seeing that there is yet the poet-lover to be rewarded by Violet, the authoress could not well do better. Mr. Thornton who, sensible man at last, had gone to foreign lands, is fortunate enough to make money there, and returning home in his prosperity, his happiness is secured by finding Violet a widow and willing to marry him. In thus giving one apple wanted by *two* men to both—half to each—Mrs. Daniel follows a great example, set

by Mr. Charles Dickens. Undoubtedly second happiness, is often better than the first, in real married life ; but we still have a poetical leaning for the old method of rewarding true lovers : Let them pass through whatever fire of suffering the author has in store for them, but give them at last the *unicorn rose*, with the dew of early feelings yet clinging to its leaves ! Additional interest is given to the principal story in "Marrying for Money" by a description of the unrequited love of Mrs. Milner's maiden sister, whom the baronet should have married, but for the cross purpose of preferring her sister, who is indifferent to his suit.

THE LIFE OF FLOWER AND FRUIT. By CARL LÖFFLER. (Berlin, Kastner.)

ALTHOUGH the notes on "OUR IVORY TABLETS" will refer almost exclusively to books written by women, yet we shall not neglect children's books, poetical, and other works which ladies would read with special interest. Such is the German book above named, and as the language in which it is written is now generally studied, we hope many a young scholar may read its pleasant pages, and find delight in the author's learning in all that concerns the flowers of various countries. His rose and lily gossip takes the reader from country to country, ancient and modern, and clings bee-like to the sweet flowers, extracting the honey of poetical thought.

A POEM ON OUR SAVIOUR'S PASSION. By MARY SIDNEY, COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE. (John Wilson.)

A MS. in the British Museum, by this celebrated woman, is here published. The book contains about 700 lines of elegant religious verse, and is of unique interest as emanating from the pen of the illustrious lady whom Ben Jonson's epitaph lauded.

AMERICA BEFORE EUROPE. By COUNT GASPARIN. Translated by MARY L. BOOTH. (Sampson Low.)

THE original of this book, dealing with the vexed American question, hardly introduces any new points to the newspaper reader, and the style is altogether as weak as the matter, at least in the lady's translation, which has been made from *advance sheets*. Perhaps the signs of haste and an ignorance of idiomatic French, may be thus explained—the translation being done against time ? The author inclines to the belief of the union being restored. The book may well be passed over without loss.

CONFESSIONS AND CONSEQUENCES. (MARLBOROUGH & Co.)

THE anonymous authoress of this novel groups together a party of young ladies who have each a tragic history to relate, which "*les misérables*" proceed to do, and horror succeeds social horror until the reader exclaims, "a bad world, my masters." In each instance it is the passion of love which excites to crime, and their conjunction of course produces the reverse of happiness. We should add that the heroines are American, and in justice to the writer add, her narrative powers are skilfully employed, although we cannot believe that ever real misfortunes brought together seven sisters bound by troubles that have a family likeness in their extreme improbability.

TRUE TO THE LAST. By MRS. GORDON SMYTHIES. (Hurst and Blackett.)

NOVEL and Romance were once almost identical in the meaning they conveyed. Of late years, in the novels which have met with any sort of success, the romance element has been pretty well discarded; so that in taking up a new novel we have been led to expect an account of things as they are and under such common-place names as are bestowed by god-fathers and godmothers. In "True to the Last," Mrs. Smythies reverts to the romantic era. Her heroine is named *Adela de Moubray*, her lover's name is *Claude*. The Earl, Adela's father, is that obstinate old nobleman who through several centuries has insanely attempted to marry his daughter to the wrong man. In the present case, this villain's name is Vipont Crawley, and he has poetical justice meted out to him; whilst the virtuous Claude and Adela obtain virtue's reward; that is, they have marriage in prospective. Over-ballasted with a cumbrous plot, and indifferently handled by the lady at the helm, Mrs. Smythies' last novel-ship does not sail smoothly and pleasantly to the reader; but it sails past, and touches romance-honoured feelings, and thus, many passengers will, for the sake of the voyage, take passage in "True to the Last."

WINIFRED'S WOOING. By GEORGINA M. CRAIK. (Smith, Elder, & Co.)

It may be taken for granted that in a book written by a lady, describing principally the relative position of ladies and gentleman during courtship, a woman's ideal of a lover would be presented. If this notion be true, the model lover of Miss Craik, and others of her school, is a rough-mannered gentleman, willing rather to torment than please his sweetheart. Winifred, the heroine, has a guardian, who with other guardians, read their instructions always backwards, and understand the duties they have undertaken are "to assist as far as in them lie" in

making their wards miserable for life. But youth is buoyant and full of resources, so Winifred's will is finally triumphant and she is united to her rugged, *earnest* lover. This last word is the key to a great deal of misdescription. Earnestness in love being a quality that outvalues all the frivolities of politeness and engaging manners, lady writers, thinking earnestness and good manners too much to be expected in any one man, throw over the least prized quality and make their hero an uncouth and eccentric clown, if he will but bring them his *whole* heart. On the contrary, the villain is polished and refined to a degree that leaves but a slippery footing for more sterling virtues. In this conception of character Miss Craik indulges like many others, but through animated writing and elegance of style she attains a high position, and in "Winifred's Wooing" narrates an interesting story.

INTELLECTUAL EDUCATION AND ITS INFLUENCE ON THE CHARACTER AND
HAPPINESS OF WOMEN. By EMILY SHIRREFF. A new Edition.
(Smith, Elder, & Co.)

WE take advantage of a new edition of this work to notice in "OUR IVORY TABLETS" a book, which from its title, should dispose of the vexed question of female education. And first we offer our thanks, in advance of any remarks, to the accomplished authoress for the laborious task she has successfully performed; successfully, whether the doctrinal portions of her book be refused or accepted.

That a refined culture bears its own reward is Miss Shirreff's motto. She thinks a woman intellectually accomplished has, in a married or single state a far better chance of happiness than one whose education only enables her to read, write, work the first three rules in arithmetic, and take her share in ordinary social conversation. For the moment we pass by this opinion, to state that Miss Shirreff recommends "there should be no compulsory lessons given to children before they are seven years old." With this law we entirely agree. Of all the blessings left man and woman, childhood is one of the greatest, and it should not have the bloom shaken off its butterfly wings a moment earlier. Let the child go on its zigzag flight through those first seven years and in the garden of a good home it will have learned much that can never be afterwards acquired! Beginning then, gently at seven, Miss Shirreff commences a girl's education in real earnest at twelve years of age, and cleverly arranges her tasks and studies for the next *six* years. The pupil will then be eighteen, and should be at that age a highly accomplished woman, learned in various languages, and fitted for any station that fortune can offer her. Of course this *complete guide to a woman's education*, as the volume may be appropriately termed, is only suited to the circumstances of the affluent; however, the work is calcu-

lated to give real assistance to all who have girls to educate, whatever measure they can afford to give, for the system is sound, and, as all good systems must be, progressive. Having thus far acknowledged the value of the book, as a help towards the end (whether the pupil is intended to go only a *little way* in Miss Shirreff's road to learning, or the whole distance) of intellectual education, we must demur to the length of the journey, as proposed by the authoress, and in doing so we have also to deny Miss Shirreff's first proposition ; that the more intellectually accomplished a woman be, the greater are her resources and chance of happiness. This would be true if knowledge were wisdom ; but alas ! it is not, as day succeeding day testifies. The woman educated to the point indicated as a maximum in this book would, between the years of twelve and eighteen, allowing for a first-class capacity to learn, have to pass through an ordeal of study that would, we are afraid, *disqualify* her for most of the attainable enjoyments of life ; and for such high mental culture she must have sacrificed in six young growing years, an amount of physical energy, the loss of which to her constitution could hardly be repaired. To those whose standard of female education is high, as ours is, but moderately high, Miss Shirreff's volume may be cordially recommended for its suggestions and information ; and if we have any fear that there may be some parents who would try its curriculum in its distressing entirety, we regain our composure as we remember parents are naturally kind, human resolutions weak, and social laws considerably indulgent. One half of the rigorous system would thus be evaded, and the pupils, in doing *half* of their allotted tasks, would do well.

MAN'S LOVE

BY FREDERICK AUGUSTUS LEWIS.

LOVE is a plant that treated well will grow into an oak,
No tempests ever cast it down—no storms its firmness broke ;
But treat it harshly, with neglect, 'twill bend beneath the sky,
And then the beauteous tree of love will perish and will die.

THE LOVER'S MANUAL OF DEVOTION.

IN TWELVE DIVISIONS.

Prayer is the language of hope :—pray, and despair will fly ; and the universal prayer is, “ Love me, or I die.”

XI.

Thou art mine by the promise of lip and of eye ;
 Thou art mine by the vows that fond lovers repeat,
 When the world is forgot, when none others are nigh—
 The time, when lovers meet.

Thou art mine by the high honest claims of a heart,
 That loving thee, truthfully, told its love,
 And thine did its passionate secret impart,
 Fond memories prove.

Thou art mine by our souls, that have mingled their fires ;
 Thou art mine by our arms, that have locked their dear prize ;
 Thou art mine by our prayers, that upon seraph's lyres
 Are chaunted as *one*, in the skies.

Thou art mine by the ties that all change can survive,
 Of sorrow, of fortune : O the ties are divine
 That bind me, *Madonna*, to thee ; whilst I live

THOU ART MINE.

XII.

I'd not have missed the meeting thee,
 The meeting, winning thee, lady :
 Although the love in all the world
 Were given for loss of thee, lady !
 I'd not have missed the footpath home,
 That leads to home and thee, lady :
 Although the myriad paths of love
 Were to my steps made free, lady !
 I'd not have missed the light o' love,
 Thine eyes beam out on me, lady :
 Though all the other light in eyes
 Might warm and shine for me, lady !
 And were I sad, and the world's tears
 Might start and fall for me, lady :
 I'd rather see thy one cheek wet
 With Pity wet, for me, lady !
 I'd not have missed the meeting thee,
 The meeting, winning thee, lady :
 Although the love in all the world
 Were given for loss of thee, lady !

Prayer is the language of faith : be faithful ! and believe, what Hope shall lend to-day, to-morrow it shall receive.

H. KAINS JACKSON.

CURRENT HISTORY OF LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC EVENTS.

SEPTEMBER 1ST.—MONDAY.

Preston Guild.—Festival commenced. It has been now held through several centuries.

Playing Cards.—New act comes into operation, by the regulations of which manufacturers must take out a license of £1, and sellers one at 2s. 6d. per annum.

Descamps.—A monument inaugurated to this original painter at Fontainebleau.

SEPTEMBER 2D.—TUESDAY.

Mr. Stephen Joseph Meany.—The assumption of this man as an Editor, coupled with his disgraceful actions, reflected a stain on the literary profession; but, having rope given him, Mr. Meany has entangled himself in the meshes of the law, having obtained books and other articles of tradesmen by false pretences. A letter from the Exhibition authorities, by which he gained credit, is found to be a forgery; and the "Lancashire Free Press," the newspaper of which he styled himself Editor, is not known to exist: the case being incomplete the prisoner stands remanded, bail being refused.

SEPTEMBER 3D.—WEDNESDAY.

Eugene Macarthy, sometime a reader at the British Museum, a bigamist and adventurer, sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment, "with hard labour," for having stolen certain books a few years ago from the National Library.

Passion Week.—Again have the members of the English Church Union memorialized the Lord Chamberlain to shut up the Theatres during Holy Week; we suppose the protest is made for but one purpose, to which we lend our aid, that of being "recorded."

SEPTEMBER 4TH.—THURSDAY.

A thousand years old.—This day a monument, commemorative of the thousand years' existence of the Russian realm, was erected at Novgorod. It was cast at an English Foundry in St. Petersburg, and is stated to have cost £75,000, an amount principally subscribed by patriotic individuals. The principal feature is a gigantic globe; a cross rises above it, supported by two allegorical figures, the one symbolical of spiritual power, and the other, holding a shield with the arms of Russia, of worldly sway. Seventeen historical figures, men and women, twelve and a half feet high surround this globe which rises above them. On it are six groups representing the principal personages in Russian history. The finest figure of all is considered the one of the Greek Princess who, on her marriage of the grand Prince, introduced Christianity into the country. This part of the monument is thirty feet high, and is the work of Mikeschin; the basement is seven feet high, and ornamented with reliefs consisting of groups of figures—the Russian worthies produced in a thousand years. There are in all 107 figures, and the whole work on its twelve feet pedestal will be fifty feet in height. Truly a noble and national monument! grandly conceived and ably executed.

Berlin.—Fifteen native and eleven foreign sculptors have competed for the erection of a monument to "Schiller." Their designs are publicly exhibited.

SEPTEMBER 5TH.—FRIDAY.

The Thames Embankment is now in progress, as active operations have already commenced.

OBITUARY.—Died at Hull, aged 81, Charles Frost, Esq., F.S.A., the author of "The Early History of Kingston-upon-Hull;" the neighbourhood with which his name has through life been honourably associated.

SEPTEMBER 6TH.—SATURDAY.

Preston Guild.—Conclusion of the Festival. This, held once every twenty years, is one of the most ancient ceremonies in the kingdom, and on the present occasion whilst the neighbourhood is in the deepest distress from the *Cotton Famine*, the money spent by visitors in the town must have afforded real assistance. The principal feature is the procession of craftsmen, with emblems and tools of their several trades, about which there is a character and meaning that raises the whole affair above mummery.

St. James's Theatre.—First performance of a new comedy written by J. M. Morton, Esq.

. In our "Current History," for the future, we propose giving a brief notice of the plots of new dramatic works, in themselves commonly interesting, to readers as well as an audience.

"*She Would and He Wouldn't*," is a comedy made up of very foreign materials, and the story is as follows:—*Count Rafael*, a spendthrift, merry-monarch sort of young nobleman, slights a beautiful young girl to whom he is engaged; and whilst in pecuniary difficulties he marries the *Marchioness de Villafranca*, a very rich and, as he supposes, very elderly woman; whom, however, the audience (let into the secret) soon discover to be the first love in disguise. The comedy of the piece is in the situations of the hero, who, in spite of his earnest attempts, cannot overcome his repugnance to the ancient dame with whom he is to spend the remainder of his days. He begins to think he has the worst of the bargain and seeks to escape in any way he can from the matrimonial thralldom; and even prompts a gipsy girl to administer a sleeping potion to the Marchioness. To the wretched husband's surprise, the potion works the marvel of restoring to his elderly partner her youth and beauty, and he is in a transport of love for his blooming bride; but she, strange to say, seems entirely unconscious of her marriage and former sexagenarian existence, and bounding about the stage in uncontrollable mirth, laughs all her former ties away. This transformation scene, played by Miss Herbert, in which a decrepid old woman changes to a madcap young girl, is the triumph of the piece. Meanwhile the Count is accused of having made off with the Marchioness, and difficulties increase until the slighted girl has feasted off her dramatic revenge, when her own plot is revealed, and the orthodox happy couple are satisfied with themselves and each other.

OBITUARY.—John Bird Sumner, Archbishop of Canterbury, aged 82, died at Addington. He was a Prelate of amiable disposition, of sterling worth, and of high standing as a theological writer. He was the son of a clergyman, the Vicar of Kenilworth.

SEPTEMBER 7TH.—SUNDAY.

SEPTEMBER 8TH.—MONDAY.

Birmingham.—Exhibition of Pictures opened.

Miss Sara Dobson.—This young lady made her *débüt* in Wallace's Opera of *Lurline*, at Covent Garden Theatre, and pleased the public without creating any sensation.

Scientific Association of France.—Congress commenced at St. Etienne.

Olympic Theatre.—"Real and Ideal," a comedy by Mr. Horace Wigan, first performed. Derived from French sources, the scene is laid at Bayswater. A Stockbroker privately decides to marry his ward Lucy; but Lucy perversely decides otherwise, and chooses for herself. In this state of affairs a country squire and his wife, lately married, visit the Stockbroker—the lady visitor having fed full her natural sentimentality by a course of reading the romances of our penny periodicals. The mission of the playwright now begins: he creates disorder to be worked into order thus. Lucy's lover pays her clandestine visits, and is discovered; but being quick at stratagem, he allays the Stockbroker's suspicions by saying the sentimental squires is the object of his pursuit; whereupon he is referred to her husband, in whom he recognises a friend. Explanations follow, and to keep up the *ruse*, Lucy's lover is encouraged to make violent love to the wrong person. This he does in such extreme, crazy, poetical style, tearing his passion to rags, that the sentimental squire's wife is satisfied with romance, and for ever abjures her former course of reading; whilst Lucy and her lover, making a confession of their attachment, obtain the guardian-lover's consent; the latter seeing also the folly of his ways in seeking to marry a young girl. The *Real* is found to be better, sweeter, and truer than the *Ideal*; at least such an *Ideal* as represented in cheap romances.

Strand Theatre.—A farce called an "Absurdity," by John Oxenford, and called "Sam's Arrival," produced. This amusing piece refers to the extraordinarily popular *Lord Dundreary* of the Haymarket. In the "American Cousin," the myth of his Lordship's mythical existence, is a certain brother *Sam*. In the present farce this *Sam* arrives; at least two pretendants to Sam's money, and the pretty girl to be married according to will arrive, and this is "just one of those things a fellow can't understand," for certainly both cannot be *Sam*, which each candidate attempts to prove. Finally, a nurse explains that Lord Dundreary himself is not the right Dundreary; and to get rid of all this mystery, his Lordship settles matters by paying all parties what satisfies them. This clever farce can only be understood by those who have seen the "American Cousin;" and its sole merit is in the performance of Mr. Belford, who is so carefully costumed like the Haymarket hero, whom, moreover, he imitates so completely in the most minute points, that at present there are two Lord Dundrearys in the London fashionable world.

SEPTEMBER 9TH.—TUESDAY.

Crystal Palace.—About fifty of the Champion Brass bands from various parts of the kingdom compete for the honour of being considered "the best." Several prizes awarded.

Gloucester Musical Festival.—Commences, and lasts four days.

Dramatical, Musical, and Equestrian Sick Fund.—Annual Meeting. By the labours of this association 111 members have obtained situations, 54 families have been assisted in making journeys, 903 days of sickness relieved, and loans granted to respectable members. Truly a benevolent society!

SEPTEMBER 10TH.—WEDNESDAY.

Royal Horticultural Society.—Show of hollyhocks, dahlias, etc.

Colour in Architecture, is being boldly attempted now in London; in a new building in Chancery Lane, and in the magnificent Westminster Bridge: the latter being painted a sage green, whilst the heraldic shield in the spandrels are ablaze with red, blue, and gold, etc.

SEPTEMBER 11TH.—THURSDAY.

Mr. Foley is commissioned to execute, in Sicilian marble, a statue, seven feet high, of the late Prince Consort, for Birmingham. The site is a very favourable one, between the new Exchange and the Grammar School.

Four thousand miles.—Electric Telegraph communication is now maintained between London and Siberia.

OBITUARY.—BYRON'S GRANDSON.—Viscount Ockham, has just died, aged 26. He was the eldest son of

"Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart,"

the Countess of Lovelace, and entered the Navy at an early age, but abandoned it and proceeded to America in a merchant vessel, working as a common sailor: afterwards he worked for weekly wages in a shipwright's yard at Blackwall, preferring to do this to living at home. In 1860, by the death of Lady Byron, he succeeded to the barony of Wentworth, and was therefore a Peer in his own right. In all these circumstances there is great mystery which probably another generation will see explained.

SEPTEMBER 12TH.—FRIDAY.

Each from Each.—The Nations take lessons from one another. Whilst on his recent visit to London the Prince Jerome Napoleon inspected the Metropolitan Underground Railway, and having made a favourable report on the undertaking, a similar one, under Mr. Fowler, the London Engineer, will forthwith be commenced in Paris.

The Popes.—His present Holiness has ordered photographs of his 258 predecessors to be taken by Signor Petagna. Query, Will the woman, "Pope Joan," be included in the series?

OBITUARY.—The accomplished and amiable Earl of Ellesmere died at the age of 40 years, leaving issue two sons.

News received of the death on Sunday, 27th April, of Mrs. Livingstone, wife of the celebrated African missionary and traveller. Whilst recovering from a first attack of fever, a second came, under which she sank.

SEPTEMBER 13TH.—SATURDAY.

A New Arch of Triumph in Paris, is to be erected at the "Barrière du Trône" of even nobler proportions than that at the top of the "Champs Elysées." The Crimean and Italian Campaigns will furnish subjects for the decorative sculpture.

Royal Academy.—The Council have established an Honorary Class of Retired Academicians. Those who avail themselves of this wise regulation will retain their titles and receive a pension of £100 per annum, and what is the best part of the plan, room is made for younger men emulous of being "one of the Forty." Surely this is better than waiting for death to cause vacancies!

SEPTEMBER 14TH.—SUNDAY.

SEPTEMBER 15TH.—MONDAY.

Four New Dramas.—In one day brought out in London, at—

Drury Lane.—The "Relief of Lucknow," by the lessee, Mr. Boucicault. The piece must be considered as a series of episodes, cleverly strung together, and all the four grand scenes are, as spectacles, extraordinary in their completeness. A quiet bungalow is attacked by a host of rebels who are beaten off by a mere handful of redcoats, *Captain M'Gregor* and his young brother, ensign *Geordie*, being in command of the detachment. The whole party then escapes to Lucknow, being joined on the way by *Jessie*, a Scotch nurse, who had heroically entered the rebels' camp and rescued one of her mistress's children, whilst a grand oriental dance was being celebrated. The last act takes us to a bastion at Lucknow, where the soldiers are sharing their last rations with the starving women and children; next the command is given to the rank and file to give a

volley to the wives, mothers, and children, before they prepare selling their own lives to the enemy. At this moment occurs the striking historical episode. *Jessie*, in a demented and dying state, recovers her senses as, starting up, she hears the distant slogan of the Highlanders, and exclaims: "Dinna ye hear it?" That which at first appears a delirious dream, proves a happy reality, and the gallant soldiers clamber up the gabions, and England, on hearing it, once more breathed freely, as does the audience who witness the "Relief of Lucknow" on the mimic boards of Drury Lane.

Strand Theatre.—"My Son's a Daughter," a pleasant comediotta by Mr. Parselle, who acts the principal part, performed. The merit of this elegant little piece is that it is entertaining without having recourse to any of the sensation expedients now in vogue. The story is natural, as will be seen. A soldier dies and bequeaths to the care of his comrade, a royal trumpeter, his orphan. In course of time the loyal soldier-friend seeks his charge in a pretty, rural village (here the drama commences), but gains no tidings of the *boy*. Whilst making his inquiries the trumpeter's heart is taken by storm by one of the village girls, an orphan, brought up by a musician who supplies music at all the quadrille parties in his district, and who is desirous to marry his pretty foundling. The soldier, however, is preferred, and subsequent explanations discover the bride to be the child—the *son's a daughter*—of his comrade, so, in taking her affectionately under his care, friendship is a virtue that brought its own reward.

Britannia Theatre.—The "Maum Guinea," is the name of a new piece at this theatre, being also that of the heroine, a beautiful mulatto girl, taken from a slave ship by pirates. Her adventures finely illustrate her virtues, and the several scenes vividly bring before the audience the horrors of slave life. What "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was as a novel, this excellent drama is on the stage.

Grecian Theatre.—The powerful drama of "Cassilda," lately played at the "Surrey," has, by its success, prompted the production of a new adaptation of the same French piece. Here, it is called the "Hanged Man," and in the construction of the drama many exciting situations are created; all of them turning upon one point—that of a man, so to speak, returning from the dead, and living and acting among the people who reckon him as one beyond their love or hatred. He had been saved by a skilful man of science, and thus again takes part in an exciting life drama. Such a dramatic position is allowable, precedents being furnished by history of such occurrences.

SEPTEMBER 16TH.—TUESDAY.

Military Bands.—The authorities at the Horse Guards promulgate an order that the musical pitch sanctioned by the Philharmonic Society shall be adopted by all regimental bands; also, that the key-note for the National Anthem shall be B flat.

Drinking Fountains.—The greatest obstacle to the extension of this movement in London was the inability of vestries to apply funds for their erection. In many cases the vestries did grant sums in aid to the Fountains Association, but in doing so they knew they were at the mercy of such persons who might choose to question the grant. This anomalous state of things is now ended by the recent metropolitan act, in which the wisdom of our legislators provide powers for the vestries to "do a public good, with the public money."

SEPTEMBER 17TH.—WEDNESDAY.

Vienna.—In the quadrangle of the Military Academy, the statue of "Maria Theresa" inaugurated. The career of this noble woman and courageous Sovereign would supply our lady authors with a splendid theme.

Sermons.—Original and orthodox, suited to all congregations are now advertised, price 4s. 6d. up to 10s. 6d. each, in London, where it is said, there is a market for everything.

SEPTEMBER 18TH.—THURSDAY.

Pleasant Scrap of History is revived on the occasion of the memorial relative to shutting the theatres in Holy Week. Up to the time of George II. there was in England a "Royal Cock-crower," whose duties, perhaps, were a shred saved from the Miracle Plays once sanctioned by the clergy. The cock-crower during Holy Week was appointed to crow at intervals, to remind his hearers of a scriptural event. This unfortunate officer was performing his duty when some tipsy Court gallants were seeking their homes at early morning, and they, thinking he was insulting them for keeping late hours, fell upon and beat the poor cock-crower; whose office was then abolished, but not without the clergy memorializing the Government for the continuance of the "wholesome warning."

SEPTEMBER 19TH.—FRIDAY.

Steam Power in the Theatre.—An eight-horse engine is one of the *troupe* at the new opera house at Vienna, and has to perform the duties of several supernumeraries.

SEPTEMBER 20TH.—SATURDAY.

Jeanie Deans.—Sir W. Scott's true hearted heroine furnishes a fine theme for a new drama, produced this day at the Standard Theatre. The plot—the interesting story of the novel is to a great extent untouched; whilst the author, Mr. Hazlewood, in the dramatic incidents added, has only introduced such as dovetail with the book. Geordie Robertson, the father of Effie Dean's child, is hiding from Government, having been implicated in the Porteous riot. After the trial of Effie for the concealment of the child's birth, and the sentence of death recorded against her, we are introduced to Jeanie on her journey from London, with the precious document she has obtained by intercession with the Duke of Argyll. In the novel the long journey has its simple difficulties, but in the drama these are increased by the pursuit of Jeanie by some enemies of Robertson; these overtake the heroine and a scene of great dramatic interest ensues, which concludes in Jeanie's rescue by Geordie. After other vicissitudes the noble girl reaches Scotland, but not till the moment her sister is being borne to execution. Her triumphant delivery of the pardon to the officers, their suspicious scrutiny of the document, the suspense of all, and the final recognition of the validity of the reprieve, form a dramatic spectacle and moment of interest that alone should make "Jeanie Deans" a prosperous piece.

SEPTEMBER 21ST.—SUNDAY.

SEPTEMBER 22D.—MONDAY.

Songs of Scotland.—At the Hanover Square Rooms entertainment given by Mr. Kennedy. In characteristic delivery and polished execution Mr. Kennedy promises to take the place of the late Mr. Wilson whose name for many years was almost a part of the charming songs that Scotch melody has contributed to delight all musical ears.

Christ's Hospital.—Speech day. The second son of M. Victor Hugo, a translator of Shakespeare, present.

Royal Academy of Music.—Term begins.

Stockport.—New Mechanics' Institution opened; Lord Stanley in the chair.

SEPTEMBER 23D.—TUESDAY.

Railway Picture, by Mr. Frith.—Exhibition closed after some four months' popularity; but the picture only migrates from the west-end to the city, where it will very shortly be again exhibited.

Reporter Fined.—Mr. Gray, of the London Press, for a libel on a horse-dealer. In this case, it should be understood that the report referred to rumours, *not as rumours*, but as occurrences within the writer's personal knowledge.

SEPTEMBER 24TH.—WEDNESDAY.

Exeter Hall.—Performance of "Elijah," by the National Choral Society, who are giving a series of Oratorios weekly during the Exhibition.

Two Days in England.—What a foreigner would see in this time has been illustrated by M. Victor Hugo's example. Returning to his Channel Island home after the banquet given him in Brussels, the poet finds himself in London, and devotes one day to the Exhibition, and the second and last day of his stay to seeing Blondin at the Crystal Palace.

Cleopatra and the Sybil.—Mr. Storey's beautiful statues sold to Mr. Phillips for 3000 guineas.

Music in Streets.—Of the music to which we allude even Mr. Babbage could not object. The French tenor, M. Roger, is that fortunate person, the owner of an estate partly covered with houses and suitable for farther building purposes, and, by the rights of civilisation, being King of his freehold, the musician decrees that the terraces, the avenues, the crescents, and rows, etc., shall all be named after certain specified names either of composers or musical works. There is both sense and sound in this royal decree!

SEPTEMBER 25TH.—THURSDAY.

G. Linnaeus Banks obtains a pension of £50 per annum from the Government. His literary claims are not generally admitted to be of a high class: but the authority of Wordsworth gives value to such songs as Mr. Banks sings.

Christchurch Archaeological and Natural History Association.—Meeting at Beaulieu, Hants. Paper read describing the Abbey there. We have to thank the monks for, at least, one thing—the picturesque ruins scattered throughout the country, generally, too, in charming natural situations.

Surrey Theatre.—Close of the summer season (for a few nights only). Mr. Creswick, the co-lessee for some thirteen years, took his farewell of an audience that for this period has patronized and respected him. In retiring from the management Mr. Creswick made a speech which was remarkable for being what a speech on such an occasion should be—simple, hearty, outspoken, and grateful withal.

SEPTEMBER 26TH.—FRIDAY.

Amateur Photographic Association.—Meeting of Council, Lord Ranelagh in the chair. Several influential new members admitted to this flourishing Society.

Progress of the Good Work.—We have the pleasure to record as "Current History," the establishment in Paris of an "Institution for Arts and Trades for Women, to place them in a position to obtain an independent existence."

Zostera Marina.—Specimens of this proposed substitute for cotton exhibited in London.

SEPTEMBER 27TH.—SATURDAY.

St. James's Theatre.—Closed for the season, with performances of "She Would and He Wouldn't," "Bristol Diamonds," and "Endymion." The public has liberally patronized this house under the management of Mr. G. Vining, an accomplished artist, who will add strength to the strong company at the Princess's Theatre where he is engaged for the winter season.

Saddler's Wells Theatre.—Re-opened for the winter season, under the former management, that of Mr. Morton Price and Miss Lucette. The manager appeared in a clever trifle, written by himself; the situations were amusing. Meddling friends decree a certain marriage, the principal parties meet, and each assumes an artificial manner—of a dreary swell, and a fast young lady—but their natural character is made transparent and mutual passion runs in the channel, for once the same, agreeable to both the lovers and matchmakers.

OBITUARY.—Died at Hamburg, in his 51st year, Sir John Inglis, the Defender of Lucknow. What memories are revived by the above words, referring to the gallant soldier! His countrymen and countrywomen will keep those memories green.

Dr. Burness, at Manchester, whilst on his wedding tour (second marriage). Dr. Burness was well known in India; he was the author of "A Visit to the Ameers of Scinde."

SEPTEMBER 28TH.—SUNDAY.

SEPTEMBER 29TH.—MONDAY.

The English School of Painting is to have space devoted to it in the magnificent gallery of the Louvre. This recognition comes late, but probably even now sooner than it would arrived, had not the Exhibition lifted English Artists to the level of other European schools.

Dramatic College.—First admitted inmates; a Banquet under canvas inaugurated this honourable event, which was presided over by the master, Mr. Benjamin Webster.

Haymarket Theatre.—A farce by Mr Stirling Coyne, "Duck Hunting," produced. It is but a trifle and has no claims for special notice of its details.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—Opened for four extra nights with its Italian company.

SEPTEMBER 30TH.—TUESDAY.

Lady Huntingdon's Chapel in Whitechapel opened as a Roman Catholic one, having been purchased at auction from the Dissenters. The interior has been very successfully altered and richly embellished.

Brussels.—Drinking Fountains are now erected in this city. Custom as well as knowledge flies in circles. The writer of these lines remembers the first advocates of fountains in London some four years ago, refer to Brussels and other continental towns having fountains of which the metropolis was entirely destitute. This reproach has now passed over, and Brussels and Paris have added to their ornamental the useful drinking fountains.

Light, more Light.—Experiments made in Madrid with Crystal discs have been successful and increased ordinary gas light five-fold.

Royal Academy.—An example has been set other royal academicians by Mr. Baily, sculptor, first, and Mr. Abraham Cooper, painter, second, retiring under the recent regulations; thus vacating two chairs which younger men are emulous to fill.

SHAKESPEARIAN MUSEUM.

A temporary Shakespearian Museum, to contain old editions of the Poet's works, or any tracts or relics illustrative of them, has been formed at Stratford-on-Avon. Mr. Halliwell is actively engaged in collecting for this object, and he will be glad either to receive as presents for the Museum, or to purchase, any articles suitable to be preserved there. Persons owning any Shakespeariana, would much oblige by communicating with J. O. HALLIWELL, Esq., No. 6 St. Mary's Place, West Brompton, near London.

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